

CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN

CASTLE of

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FRANKENSTEIN



**SPECIAL:
VAMPIRE
ISSUE!**

By Whizpik

LON CHANEY JR.
STORY



MOVIE NOOSEREEL



FEATHERED FIENDS





CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN

Vol. 1 No. 4

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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:

Charles M. Collins; Lorry Ivie; Joe Dante, Jr.;
Richard Bojarski.

CORRESPONDENTS:

Victor Wiscovitch — Hollywood. Mike Perry —
Europe. Ferdinand Mendoza—South America &
Orient. John Benson—East Coast (USA).

CHARLES F. KANE
Managing Editor & Publisher

NICHOLAS MORGAN
Associate Editor

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN III
Consulting Editor

BHOB STEWART II
Art Editor

KEN BEALE
Editorial Assistant

LEROY KENNEDY
Assistant Editor

FRONT COVER

The King of All The Vampires, Bela Lugosi, as delineated by artist Lee Wanagiel.

INSIDE FRONT:

Lon Chaney, Jr., as the Frankenstein monster-of-the-month, with Bela Lugosi, as Igor, in a scene from Universal's THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN, 1942.

INSIDE BACK:

The old Maestra, Mr. Boris Karloff, in a scene from Thriller's version of E. A. Poe's THE PREMATURE BURIAL.

OUTSIDE BACK:

Although cast well all too rarely, here is the magnificent Christopher Lee in his greatest role as the insidious Count in Hammer's THE HORROR OF DRACULA (1958), as he carries off through the library wall his vampire spouse.

CREDITS:

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Frankenstein

movieguide



King Kong . . .

(An asterisk * before a title denotes a special recommendation)

This month Movieguide begins a new listing of most recent productions released throughout the country. Wherever possible, partial or complete information, including running time, is given according to what data was available up to press time. Following Part I (the newer releases) is the rest of Movieguide under Part II, carried over from our last issue, except for omission of titles that have been played out or withdrawn from the general market. A master list of all films of the field made during the last few years is now being prepared.

PART I

ATOM AGE VAMPIRE—(87m. Topaz). Grade-D Italo-French sex-horror; scientist turns into monster. Alberto Lupu, Suzanne Loret.

BEAR, THE—(86m. Embassy). Fair minor French comedy-fantasy about a talking bear. Frances Blance, Renato Rascel.

BATTLE BEYOND THE SUN—(Filmgroup). Color & Vistascope. Space opera, with usual & predictable interplanetary exploration; earth satellites; Outer space warfare. Interesting.

BATTLE OF THE WORLOS—(Topaz). Color. Claude Rains. Another typical s.f. space opera; an enemy planet invades solar system. Fair.

BLACK ZOO—(88m. AA). Color. Gory, illogical horror of madman cultist (Michael Gough) owning private zoo and misusing animals. Several impressive scenes, but held up mostly by good acting.

BURNING COURT, THE—(108m. Translux). Slow & predictable French mystery with supernatural overtones; set in eerie German castle. Badly dubbed. Nadia Tiller, Jean-Claude Brailly, Claude Rich.

CORRIDORS OF BLOOD—(85m. Amalgamated-MGM). Overdue (1961 British) anemic plot which gets main shot-in-arm by Boris Karloff's presence. Gruesome, heavy-handed grave-robbing story, reminiscent of his old mad doctor days at Columbia. Betta St. John, Christopher Lee, Finlay Currie.

CREATION OF THE HUMANIDS—(75m. Emerson). Eastman color. Minor s.f. set in future after World War 3, when automation goes wild. Don Megowan, Erika Elliot.

***OAMHED, THE**—(Hammer). Very unusual; from the novel "Children of Light." Strange story of twisted science; experiment in which radio-active ice-cold children are locked up in "underground hell." Viveca Lindfors, Oliver Reed, MacDonald Carey.

DEMENTIA 13—(81m. Filmgroup AI). Filmed in Ireland; rather routine, multiple axe-murder mystery which you must take the "D-13 Test" to see. The problem is: try to find the first 12 Dementias, because they're missing in this disappointing Corman production. Luana Anders, Wm. Campbell, Mary Mitchell.

DEVIL'S HAND, THE—(71m. Crown-Int'l). Feeble, low-grade '61 horror. Female devil worshiper falls for "outsider" — she invades his dreams to force him to join her voodoo cult. Linda Christian, Robert Alda, Neil Hamilton.

DEVIL'S MESSENGER, THE—(72 m. Herts-Lion). Interesting but unimportant 3-part grade-8 fantasy film, revised from unsold TV series (#13 Demon Street) by Curt Siodmak. Filmed in Sweden, with Lon Chaney, Karen Kadler, John Crawford.

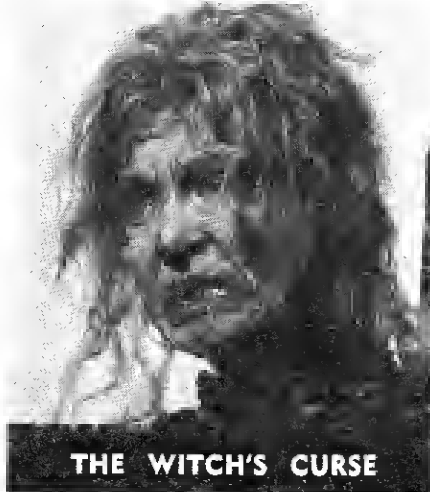
***DR. NO**—(111m. UA). Color Wild, fantastic & thoroughly enjoyable British version of Ian Fleming's famous James Bond spy-s.f. thriller. Made on location in Jamaica. Excellent. Sean Connery, Ursula Andrews, Joseph Wiseman, Jack Lord.

***FANTASIA**—(120m. Buena Vista). One of cinema's greatest; best thing Disney's ever made. Incorporating marvelous fantasy scenes and some of the world's finest music, this film classic in animated cartoon form is wholeheartedly endorsed. Few films have been made so capable of entertaining young & old, the unsophisticated as well as the intellectual.

FINAL WAR, THE—(Sam Lake Ent.). Widescreen WW 3, destruction of world in atomic war. Japanese made.

GIANT OF METROPOLIS, THE—(Pan World). Italian s.f. spectacle. Ancient super-civilization, justly destroyed. Has a few interesting moments.

HAUNTED PALACE, THE—(I). Panavision, Pathe Color. Corman's 6th semi-Poe film (but really based on Lovecraft's "Case of Chas. Dexter Ward"). Horror, sorcery & return from dead, with the inevitable Price; also Elisha Cook, Lon Chaney, Debra Paget.



THE WITCH'S CURSE



. . . vs. Godzilla

HAUNTING, THE—(115m. MGM). Adapted from Shirley Jackson's novel, "The Haunting of Hill House." Trifle uneven but mostly well made super-natural thriller. Still surpassed by '94's *The Uninvited*. Clair Bloom, Julie Harris, Richard Johnson, Russ Tamblyn. (See story & review this issue.)

HELL-FIRE CLUB, THE—(93m. Embassy). All about Merry Old England in the 18th century & the infamous Hell-Fire Club which created various popular recreational devices for members such as orgies, brawls, murders, etc. Peter Cushing, Keith Mitchell, Peter Arne.

HERCULES & THE CAPTIVE WOMEN—(91m. Woolner). Technirama, color. Usual Italian gladiatorial fantasy tripe: lots of poor action, grunts, groans, muscles, but no brains. Dull, low-grade. Reg Park, Fay Spain.

HOUSE OF THE DAMNED—(62m. Assoc. Prod.-20th). Two or three impressive moments until cheap, ridiculous ending. Awful attempt to imitate '32 *Freaks* (see story this issue). Merry Anders, Richard Foster.

INVASION OF THE ANIMAL PEOPLE—(55m. ADP). Revised, badly cut, senselessly Americanized version of '60 Lapplandian low-budget s.f.-fantasy. Young girl haunted by alien spacecraft in Swiss mountains. Some eerie scenes, uneven special effects; sometimes interesting, but pointless story with loose ends. Might have been good in original form. Narrated by John Carradine.

INVASION OF THE ZOMBIES—(Iselin). An indescribable low-low-budget bomb with so many drawbacks that it's listed only because it is so incredibly bad.

KING KONG VS. GODZILLA—(88m. Toho-UI). Color. Remarkable that this has been a box office hit in Japan and the USA! Waste of time and money; typical low-grade Japanese horror with added American scenes. One of the worst of its kind in years. Not even enough laughs to save at least parts of it.

***KISS OF THE VAMPIRE**—(88m. Hammer-UI). Color. One of the best Hammer's ever made. Two honey-mooners encounter vampire cult in Bavaria. Devil cult, macabre masquerade, giant bats, etc. Handsomely produced, skillfully directed, smoothly acted. Clifford Evans, Noel Willman, Edward De Souza.

***LORD OF THE FLIES**—(90m. Two Arts). Schoolboys, evacuated in WW 3, are marooned on small island, and degenerate to savagery. Dark, powerful, occasionally brilliant adventure horror fable, based on book shocker by William Golding. Slightly erratic and disjointed, it finally emerges as a stunning spine-chiller with inescapable moral significance. James Aubrey, Tom Chapin, Hugh Edwards.

MOUSE ON THE MOON—(84m. Lopert). Color. Bouncy, s.f.-comedy sequel to **Mouse That Roared**. Kidding the space race, Grand Fenwick lands first ship on Moon. Margaret Rutherford & Terry Thomas appear all too briefly.

OLD DARK HOUSE, THE—(86m. Hammer-Col.). Once more William Castle has picked upon Hammer Studios to knock off another one of his disappointments. (The original made in '32, however, was fine.) This may eventually look good some on TV, though. Robert Morley, Joyce Grenfell, Tom Poston.

MANIAC—(87m. Col.). Some good scenes with Jimmy Sangster's suspenseful script combine in giving this British effort a cold, calculating force as insane killer Donald Houston stalks Nadia Gray and Kerwin Mathews.

PARANOIC—(80m. Hammer-U). Script by Sangster, produced by Anthony Hinds. Murder, impersonation, insanity are part of well-acted & directed drama set in a large English country estate. Oliver Reed, Janette Scott.

STRAIT-JACKET—(89m. Col.). Gory, messy horror-schlocker dependent on its ability to woo Psycho & Baby Jane type fans & on Joan Crawford for possible box office success. Some styles & techniques of the 30s hardly alleviate production and scripting woes in another William Castle production.

SHOCK CORRIDOR—(101m. AA). Part color. Newspaperman tracks mad killer into insane asylum, then goes mad himself. Wild, imaginative & interesting mystery-suspense shocker. Eerie, fantastic dream sequences; good performances. Peter Breck, Constance Towers, Gene Evans.

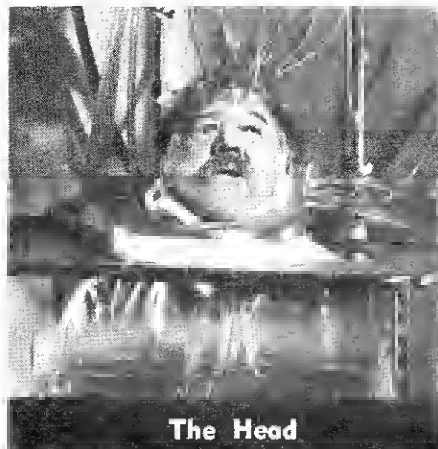
SLIME PEOPLE, THE—(55m. Hansen). Long overdue appearance of film first announced in '58. About as good as its title. Robt. Hutton, Les Tremayne.

TERRIFIED—(81m. Crown). Poor, teen-age, drive-in slanted thing about live burial & other cheery doings in a graveyard. Rod Lauren, Tracy Olsen.

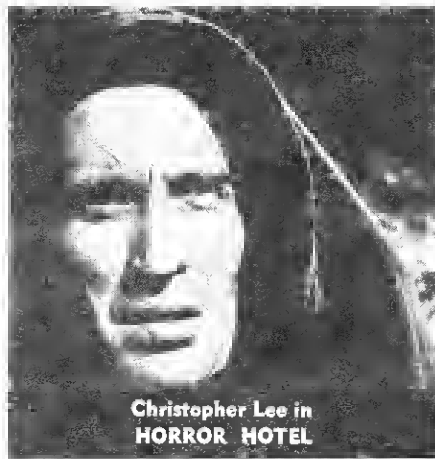
***TERROR, THE**—(80m. Filmgroup-Al). Color. Roger Corman establishes himself as a highly creative producer-director with this excellent film. Much atmosphere, chills & mood in tale of a drafty castle, witchcraft, haunted woods, tombs, and corpses that aren't really dead. Ingmar Bergman-like in some ways, this is one of the least heralded, most important films in many years.

***TRIAL, THE**—(118m. Astor). Brilliant, terrifying excursion into a nightmare: the world of Franz Kafka, author of the modern classic upon which this superb Orson Welles film is based. Fantastic, beautifully creative photography; profoundly symbolic story. One of the greatest films ever made (filmed in France). Anthony Perkins, Romy Schneider, Jeanne Moreau, Akim Temiroff, Orson Welles.

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA—(127m. Buena Vista). 1954 re-release. Disney, in CinemaScope and color, lavishly re-creates Jules Verne's epic romantic novel into one of the most successful s.f. spectacles of all time. Peter Lorre, James Mason, Kirk Douglas and many others.



The Head



Christopher Lee in
HORROR HOTEL

TWICE-TOLO TALES—(119m. UA). Color. Based on 3 weird-fantasies by Nathaniel Hawthorne: "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," "Rappaccini's Daughter," "The House of the 7 Gables." Vincent Price also appeared in the original 1940 version of "Gables," in another part. Tasteful, atmospheric & well directed. UA treats Hawthorne nicely & respectfully. With Sebastian Cabot, Price, Beverly Garland, Richard Denning.

VAMPIRE & THE BALLERINA, THE—(78m. UA). Italian made horror, centering around an ancient castle and vampires; gothic atmosphere.

X—THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES—(80m. Alta Vista-Al). Color. Well-made, offbeat s.f. shocker; fascinating direction & visual effects. Scientist develops power to see through anything & attempts to probe the Universe with tragic results. Well cast: Ray Milland, Harold J. Stone, John Hoyt, Diana van Der Vlis. Directed by Roger Corman.

WEREWOLF IN A GIRLS DORMITORY—(82m. Altura-MGM). Trashy Brit-Ital. crud, formerly known as "Lycanthropus." The new title is much better—it thoroughly explains plot & all; the older one would have been in too good taste. Carl Schell, Curt Lowens, Barbara Lass.

PART II

ASSIGNMENT OUTER SPACE (American-International), color. Italian-made space opera; no prize winner, but good visual effects.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (United Artists). Mark Damon (of **HOUSE OF USHER**) and Joyce Taylor (of **ATLANTIS**) in a new version of the classic fairytale.

THE BRAIN THAT WOULDN'T DIE (Amer.-Int'l) Horror; scientist tries to bring woman he loves back to life.

BURN, WITCH, BURN (Amer. - Int'l). Second screen version of Fritz Leiber's horror classic, **CONJURE WIFE**. Much better than the first (**WEIRD WOMAN**, '44), but not up to the book. Janet Blair and a British cast, a few acceptable terror scenes.

THE CABINET OF CALIGURI (Fox), CinemaScope. Remake of 1919 German macabre classic, tries unsuccessfully to

modernize it. Good performances (Glynis Johns, Dan O'Herlihy), some effective moments, but largely a failure. Script by Robert Bloch.

CAPTAIN SINDBAD (M-G-M), color. Guy (Zorro) Williams in an oriental fantasy-spectacle, made by the director of **WAR OF THE WORLDS**. In the opulent **THIEF OF BAGDAD** tradition.

CONFESIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER (Allied Artists). Vincent Price stars in an odd, almost-horror melodrama. From the famous 18th-century book.

THE DAY MARS INVADDED EARTH (Fox). Science-fictional spinechiller with Kent (CAT PEDDLE) Taylor, Marie Windsor. Not exactly earthshaking.

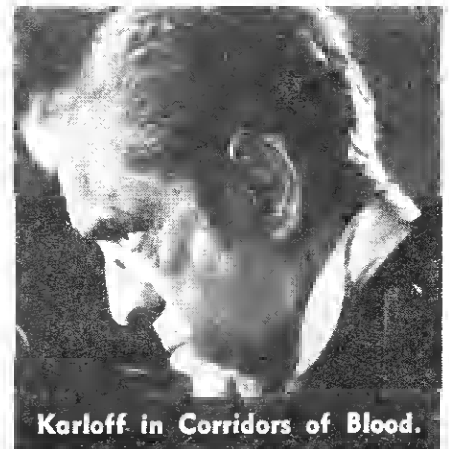
THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS (Allied Artists), CinemaScope, color. Adaptation of famous s-f shocker by John Wyndham, author of **VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED**. Disaster from space, deadly walking plants. With Howard Keel, Nicole Maurey, Mervyn Johns (of **DEAD OF NIGHT**).

THE DAY THE SKY EXPLODED (Excelsior). Foreign-made (German-Italian s-f drama). Earth threatened. Pretty much of a dud.

THE DEAD ONE (Mardi Gras Prods.), color, widescreen. Horror thriller; voodoo.

THE DEVIL'S PARTNER (The Filmgroup). Supernatural fantasy, produced by the Corman brothers. Man invokes devil, changes into wild stallion.

Eegah (Fairway Int'l), color. Low-budget, low-grade horror piece. "The crazed love of a Prehistoric giant for a ravishing teen-aged girl."



Karloff in **Corridors of Blood**.

HANO OF DEATH (Fox), CinemaScope. John Agar turns into a scaly monster. Nothing to scream about.

HANDS OF A STRANGER (Allied Artists). Remake of classic **HANDS OF OR-LAC**. Psychological horror drama. Good, but not outstanding.

THE HEAD (Trans-Lux). British film, formerly called **CITY OF THE DEAD**. Christopher Lee, Betta St. John in a tale of modern witchcraft.

INVASION OF THE STAR CREATURES (Amer.-Int'l.). Space opera; Earth invaded by vegetable men, no less!

JACK THE GIANT KILLER (United Artists), color. Handsome fantasy spectacle, with horror elements, leaning more to special effects than story. Good enough. With Torin Thatcher, Kerwin Mathews.

JOURNEY TO THE SEVENTH PLANET (Amer.-Int'l.), color. John Agar explores the planet Uranus, meets Greta Thyssen and assorted monsters. Routine melodrama.

THE MAGIC SWORD (United Artists), color. Basil Rathbone in a Bert I. Gordon fairytale spectacle. Also with Estelle Winwood, Vampira. Tries hard, doesn't quite make it.

THE MANSTER (Lopert). Weird but quite bad Japanese science-horror picture. "Half man, half monster."

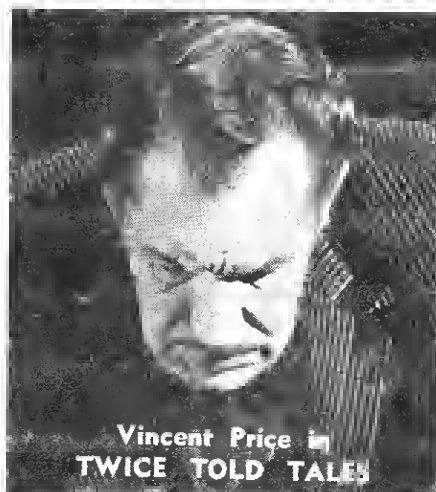
***MOTHRA** (Columbia) color, wide-screen. Also from Japan, but spectacular, cleverly made s-f movie. A monster picture with charm! Gigantic moth, tiny singing girls. Good color, trick effects. By director of **THE MYSTERIANS**.

***THE NIGHT CREATURES** (Universal), color. A Hammer film. Fine melodrama with many horror touches. Peter Cushing, Oliver Reed, Yvonne Romain.



X — THE MAN WITH ...

Frankenstein movieguide



NO PLACE LIKE HOMICIDE (Embassy). British comedy with macabre overtones. (Original title: **WHAT A CARVE UP**). Sid James, Shirley Eaton.

PANIC IN THE YEAR ZERO (Amer.-Int'l.). Ray Milland directs and stars in a strikingly bad melodrama of atomic attack. Dull, unconvincing. (With Jean Hagen, Frankie Avalon.)

PEEPING TOM (Astor), color. Superior British thriller, by director of **TALES OF HOFFMAN**. Carl Boehm as an obsessed killer, Moira Shearer as one of his victims.

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (Universal), color. Hammer's remake of the twice-filmed classic. A trifle slowpaced, but generally a good job, Herbert Lom, Heather Sears, Michael Gough.

THE PHANTOM PLANET (Amer.-Int'l.). Science-fiction melodrama; space men discover planetoid of tiny people. With Coleen Gray.

FIRST SPACESHIP ON VENUS (Crown-Int'l.), widescreen, color. Foreign-made science fiction piece; international astronauts explore desolate planet.

THE PIRATES OF BLOOD RIVER (Columbia), widescreen, color. Horrific costume drama from Hammer Films, with Kerwin Mathews, Christopher Lee, Marla Landi. Quite good.

THE PREMATURE BURIAL (Amer.-Int'l.), Panavision and color. Roger Corman's serviceable horror tale, loosely based on Poe. Ray Milland, Hazel Court. A few good spots.

THE RAVEN (Amer.-Int'l.), color, Panavision. Corman, Lorre, Price and Karloff. More comedy than horror, having little or nothing to do with Poe.

REPTILICUS (Amer.-Int'l.), color. Pre-historic monster invades Copenhagen. Average science fiction thriller.

TALES OF TERROR (Amer.-Int'l.), Panavision, color. Corman and Poe again; 3 stories, with Peter Lorre, Vincent Price, Basil Rathbone. Lavish but only intermittently successful. Richard Matheson script.

THE TELL-TALE HEART (Brigadier Film Associates). Yet another Poe adaptation, of story filmed at least three times previously; once as a UPA cartoon.

THE THREE STOOGES IN ORBIT (Columbia), CinemaScope. Acceptable fun as Larry, Moe and Curly Joe foil a Martian invasion. Many surprisingly good moments.

TOWER OF LONDON (United Artists). Vincent Price as the bloodthirsty Tyrant, Richard III of England. (Played by Rathbone in the '39 version. Historical horror film, directed by Corman.

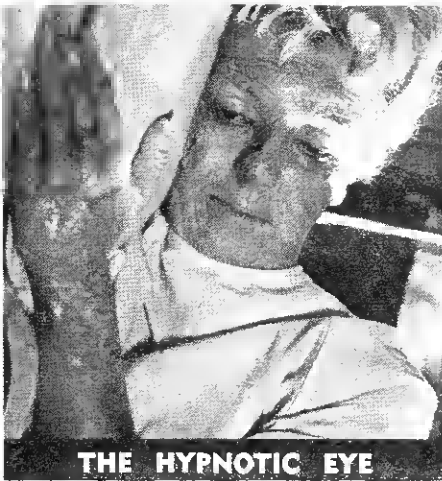
VARAN, THE UNBELIEVABLE (Crown-Int'l.). Japanese monster picture about gigantic flying reptile. See **CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN No. 1** for picture.

***WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?** (Warners). Bette Davis and Joan Crawford in a topnotch psychological horror film. No monsters or fantasy, but plenty of chills and suspense.

***THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE BROTHERS GRIMM** (M-G-M). Cinerama, Technicolor. Elaborate, beautiful biographical fantasy. Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom, Buddy Hackett, Terry-Thomas, many others. A George Pal production.



... THE X-RAY EYES



THE HYPNOTIC EYE

Following is a list of films which, though by no means complete, is a bird's eye view of a number of titles recently released to television. Interspersed in between are, of course, a few films already familiar to most fans. However, it should be of large interest to one and all that the majority happen to be titles that have been either long expected or are of quite recent vintage (in some cases, only months to a few years old). In the next issue of CoF, TV Movieguide will be in alphabetical order, more detailed and complete.

PHARAOH'S CURSE—(1957). Mark Dana, Ziva Rodann, Dianne Brewster.

FLAME BARRIER—(1958). Arthur Franz, Kathleen Crowley, Robert Brown.

THE MANSTER—(1962). Peter Dyneley, Terri Zimmern, Jane Hyton.

I, BURY THE LIVING—(1958). Richard Boone, Theodore Bikel, Peggy Maurer.

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE—(1957). John Beal, Coleen Gray, Kenneth Tobey.

TERROR IS A MAN—(1959). Francis Lederer, Greta Thyssen.

THE LOST MISSILE—(1958). Robert Loggia, Ellen Parker, Larry Kerr.

MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD—(1957). Tini Holt, Audrey Dalton, Hans Conreid.

CURSE OF ORACULA—(1958). Francis Lederer, Norma Eberhardt, Ray Stricklyn.

BLACK SLEEP—(1956). Basil Rathbone, Akim Tamiroff, Lon Chaney, John Carradine, Bela Lugosi.

CREEPING UNKNOWN—(1956). Brian Donlevy, Jack Warner.

NEANDERTHAL MAN—(1953). Robert Shayne, Doris Merrick.

U.F.O.—(1956). Science-Fiction Mystery.

UNTAMEO WOMEN—(1952). Lyle Talbot, Doris Merriek.

BEAST OF HOLLOW MOUNTAIN—(1956). Guy Madison, Patricia Medina.

CURSE OF THE FACELESS MAN—(1958). Richard Anderson, Elaine Edwards, Adele Mara, Luis Van Rooten.

ENEMY FROM SPACE—(1957). Brian Donlevy, Bryan Forbes, Vera Day.

FOUR SKULLS OF JONATHAN ORAKE—(1959). Edward Franz, Valerie French, Henry Daniell, Grant Richards, Paul Cavanaugh.

IT, THE TERROR BEYOND SPACE—(1958). Marshall Thompson, Shawn Smith, Kirr Spalding.

VOODOO ISLAND—(1957). Boris Karloff, Mervyn Vye, Beverly Tyler.

DESTINATION MOON—(1950). John Archer, Warner Anderson.

GOG—(1954). Herbert Marshall, Richard Egan, Constance Dowling.

MAGNETIC MONSTER—(1953). Richard Carlson, King Donovan.

RIDERS TO THE STARS—(1954). Herbert Marshall, Richard Carlson, William Lundigan, Martha Hyer.

HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES—(1959). Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, Marla Landi.

INVISIBLE INVADERS—(1959). John Agar, Jean Byron, Robert Hutton, John Carradine.

ALIAS JOHN PRESTON—(1955). Christopher Lee, Alexander Knox, Beita St. John.

DONOVAN'S BRAIN—(1954). Lew Ayres, Gene Evans, Nancy Davis.

MAN FROM PLANET X—(1951). Robert Clarke, Margaret Field.

RED PLANET MARS—(1952). Andrea King, Peter Graves, Walter Sande, Marvin Miller.

THE APE—(1940). Boris Karloff, Maris Wrixon, Henry Hall.

FACE OF MARBLE—(1946). John Carradine, Claudia Drake, Robert Shayne.

HOUSE OF MYSTERY—(1931). Edward Lowery, Verna Hillis.

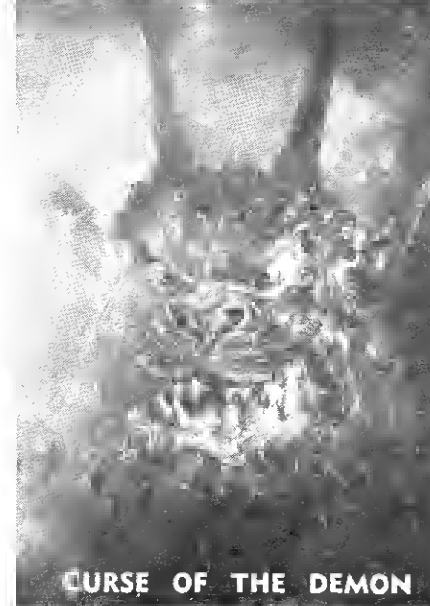
KING OF THE ZOMBIES—(1941). Dick Purcell, Joan Woodbury, John Archer.

REVENGE OF THE ZOMBIES—(1943). John Carradine, Gaie Storm, Robert Lowery.

STRANGE MR. GREGORY—(1946). Edmund Lowe, Jean Rogers, Don Douglas.

BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS—(1947). Robert Alda, Andrea King, Peter Lorre, Victor Francen, J. Carroll Naish.

DOCTOR X—(1932). Lionel Atwill, Lee Tracy, Fay Wray, Preston Foster.



CURSE OF THE DEMON



THE H-MAN

MYSTERIOUS DOCTOR—(1943). John Loder, Eleanor Parker.

RETURN OF DOCTOR X—(1939). Humphrey Bogart, Wayne Morris, Dennis Morgan, Rosemary Lane.

RETURN OF THE TERROR—(1934). Mary Astor, Lyle Talbot, John Halliday, J. Carroll Naish.

THREE STRANGERS—(1946). Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Joan Lorring.

WALKING DEAD—(1936). Boris Karloff, Ricardo Cortez, Warren Hull, Edmund Gwenn.

WOMAN IN WHITE—(1948). Eleanor Parker, Alexis Smith, Sydney Greenstreet, Gig Young, Agnes Moorehead.

BEDLAM—(1946). Boris Karloff, Anna Lee, Glenn Vernon.

BODY SNATCHER—(1945). Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Rita Corday, Sharyn Moffett.

BRIGHTON STRANGLER—(1945). John Loder, June Duprez, Rose Hobart, Miles Mander.

CAT PEOPLE—(1942). Simone Simon, Kent Smith, Tom Conway, Jane Randolph.

CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE—(1944). Simone Simon, Kent Smith, Jane Randolph.

ISLE OF THE DEAD—(1945). Boris Karloff, Ellen Drew, Alan Napier, Jason Robards.

I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE—(1943). Tom Conway, James Ellison, Frances Dee.

KING KONG—(1933). Robert Armstrong, Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot.

LEOPARD MAN—(1943). Dennis O'Keefe, Margo, Isabel Jewel, Richard Martin.

MIGHTY JOE YOUNG—(1949). Terry Moore, Ben Johnson, Regis Toomey, Robert Armstrong.

PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD—(1932). Ricardo Cortez, Karen Morley, Anita Louise, H. B. Warner.

SEVENTH VICTIM—(1943). Tom Conway, Kim Hunter.

SYNGALI—John Barrymore, Marion Marsh, Donald Crisp.

SON OF KONG—(1933). Robert Armstrong, Helen Mack.

STRANGER ON THE THIRD FLOOR—(1940). Peter Lorre, John McGuire, Elisha Cook, Jr.

THE THING—(1951). James Arness, Dewey Martin, Kenneth Tobey, Margaret Sheridan.



By RICHARD BOJARSKI

It was in 1932, and Lon Chaney, Jr. (then still known as Creighton Chaney) finally landed a movie job (at RKO Pictures). As Described in the first part of this article (*Castle of Frankenstein, No. 3*) a meeting with an assistant director at a party had raised hopes of a film part for the son of the great Lon Chaney. These hopes were doomed to disappointment; the studio never called him.

Chaney had given up his job as an executive with a water-heater company to wait for the casting call he felt sure would come. "My pal, the assistant director who took me to the studio in the first place, felt sort of responsible," he remembers. "He took me over to RKO and introduced me to the casting director there. He also said I ought to be in pictures. Only, he did something about it. He sold David O. Selznick (then head of the studio) on the idea. I got a contract and \$200 a week."

The RKO executives immediately wanted him to change his name to Lon Chaney, Jr. He refused. "As I see it now, I was foolish. I'd have gotten ahead much faster if I had. But I didn't feel I was entitled to take my father's name. I didn't feel I was an actor yet."

Actually, Lon, Sr. had named his son after his wife; Creighton was her maiden name. He liked the way "Creighton Chaney" sounded, preferring it to his own name with a "Junior" after it.

(PART 2)

SON OF CHANEY



Mrs. Chaney, like her husband, was an experienced performer. For a while, she was the leading lady of a West Coast theatrical stock company. Thus, coming from an acting family, it was natural that Creighton would have show business leanings. But his father had stifled any such tendencies. Deliberately neglecting to find out if his son possessed any acting talent, he strove to prevent any acting urge the boy might have inherited.

When Creighton was ten years old, his father decided to remove him completely from theatrical surroundings. The boy was sent to live with his grandparents, both deaf-mutes, in Los Angeles. This experience instilled within the youngster a feeling for and an understanding of the handicapped, which he still retains. As it did in his father's case, it may account for his ability to bring a human quality to even the most freakish and abnormal screen portrayals.

Continued on Page 42

Above is Lon Chaney, Sr., as he looked around 1917. Below is Lon, Jr., in RKO's LUCKY DEVILS, a backstage story of movie stunt men. It was made in 1933 when he was still known as Creighton Chaney. (Facing Page) Chaney as he looks in his latest picture, American-International's THE HAUNTED PALACE.





A scene from **MILL OF THE STONE WOMEN**, an Italian-made horror film in color. Scilla Gabel stars in this gruesome story of a mad sculptor, who kills and transforms his victims into statues. It is being released here in an English version by Westhampton Films, to television and selected theaters.



In Britain's **OUT OF THIS WORLD** TV series, actress Maxine Audley faces a mechanical harle. The scene is from an adaptation of **LITTLE LOST ROBOT**, a well-known science-fiction story by Isaac Asimov. The series is produced by the British division of ABC.

OUR FEATHERED FIENDS





For some reason, birds have held a special fascination for the makers of recent horror-fantasy films, and have even crept into such relatively mundane adventures as Walt Disney's *IN SEARCH OF THE CAST-AWAYS* (shown on previous page). In that film, young Keith Hamshere was carried off by a giant condor, high in the Andes mountains. Even the master of terror-suspense, Alfred Hitchcock, was affected. Above, he eyes his winged chum dubiously. In *THE BIRDS*, his memorable recent suspense picture, creatures like this were the real stars. Below, left, TV's Zacherly (now to be seen in the New York area weekday afternoons on Channel 11) offers a drink to his own feathered companion. Strangely, the bird appears reluctant. Wonder what Zach put in that goblet? At right is Vincent Price and the player of the title role in AIP's *THE RAVEN*. That ain't no raven, Vince; that's Peter Lorre, under a magician's spell.





On Captain Nemo's MYSTERIOUS ISLAND, a giant bird menaces the survivors of a shipwreck (above left). This Columbia picture owed its amazing realism to Roy Horryhousen's special effects work, as did the earlier SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD (below). The two-headed Roc was one of that movie's highlights. At right, above, a smaller but no less dangerous winged specimen attacks one of the children in THE BIRDS.

Quite possibly the top shocker of 1963, Hitchcock's film introduced its effects with deceptive simplicity. From a slow beginning, it worked towards a climax of awesome terror. At times the tension was literally unbearable. Slow scenes, heavy with latent menace, alternated with moments of shrill, nerve-tingling horror. Mr. Hitchcock set out to terrify his audiences — and succeeded.



Tippi Hedren, heroine of *THE BIRDS*; a Hitchcock discovery



FREAKS

FREAKS
FREAKS
FREAKS
freaks

By KEN BEALE

"To me FREAKS is so loathsome that I am nauseated thinking about it. The producers give the excuse that these creatures are all in the circus . . . But this does not give them the right to do with them as this picture does."

—Film reviewer in HARRISON'S REPORTS, 1932

Out of all the many horror films, one stands out. Not so much for its mood of terror (although there is plenty of that in the eerie climax) but because of its unique quality. There was never a picture like FREAKS before; there will probably never be again.

The screen has seen monstrosities aplenty: crawling, creeping, slimy horrors without number; deformed and hideous specimens of alleged humanity in as wild an array of shapes as the imagination can conceive. But audiences, watching these horrible creations, somehow were not too strongly affected. They knew that beneath the crippled exteriors lurked entirely normal actors, rendered hideous by the makeup-mans art. Or else, that the grotesque creatures were animated models, brought to life by the magic of the camera. But FREAKS was different. Its chills had an extra quality, for its monstrosities were REAL: not made-up actors or synthetic dummies, but actual, living, breathing human beings, deformed into their strange shapes by a vagary of nature. Yes, the horrible creatures you see in the pictures accompanying this article are not actors, but genuine human oddities.

It is this which provoked such reactions as the one above, quoted from a movie trade paper at the time of the film's release. Here are others:

"The difficulty is in telling whether it should be shown at the Rialto Theatre—where it opened yesterday—or in, say, the Medical Center. FREAKS is no normal film, but whether it deserves the title of abnormal is a matter of personal opinion."

—N. Y. TIMES

" . . . a field day for lovers of the macabre. . . . To some it will be fascinating in its grotesqueries; others will find it revolting."

—N. Y. WORLD-TELEGRAM

" . . . I don't think that everyone on earth should see it. It's certainly not for susceptible young people."

—THE NEW YORKER



The human oddities of this film cluster around a circus wagon. There is no makeup or trick photography here; the Bearded Lady, Dwarf, Legless Man, and others are straight from the sideshow, and returned there when the picture was completed.



More of the bizarre personages who appeared in FREAKS. Below is Wollock Ford as Phroso, the clown. The mixture of actors (who carried most of the burden of the plot) and non-actors (the freaks themselves) gives this film an odd flavor; a mixture of the documentary and the unreal.





Above, the freaks gather around the bedside of the bearded lady. Leila Hyoms as Venus, one of the circus performers, is at left. Below, the climactic wedding banquet scene, as they celebrate the wedding of the midget and the aerolist.

CAST:

Olga Baclanova, Harry Earles, Daisy Earles, Wallace Ford, Leila Hyams, Roscoe Ates, Henry Victor, Rose Dione, Daisy and Violet Hilton.

Directed by Tod Browning, based on the story SPURS, by Tod Robbins (no relation to Browning). An M-G-M picture, 1932.



The bride and graam: Harry Earles (Hans) and Olga Baclonava (Cleopatro, the high wire performer). Their wedding is followed, inevitably, by tragedy. Throughout the film, director Tod Browning evokes sympathy for these hapless creatures, despite their grotesque appearance.



"As a horror story, it is either too horrible or not horrible enough, according to the viewpoint."

—VARIETY

"Mr. Browning has always been an expert in pathological morbidity, but after seeing FREAKS, his other films seem but whimsical nursery tales."

—N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

FREAKS was written and directed by the late Tod Browning. A former circus performer, he got his start during the silent era; his first real success was THE UNHOLY THREE. Made in 1925, this was a thriller about three circus performers who teamed up to commit crimes.

They were a ventriloquist (Lon Chaney), a strong man (Victor McLaglen), and a midget (Harry Earles). It was remade in 1930, as Chaney's only talking film, again with Browning at the helm.

LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT, made in 1926 with Chaney, was a horror film, even though the horror was "explained away" at the end. Browning remade it also, in 1935, as MARK OF THE VAMPIRE. Bela Lugosi starred. But his most famous fright film was 1931's DRACULA, the Bram Stoker classic, which made Lugosi's name synonymous with Vampire.

Despite Browning's practised hand at the helm, FREAKS was not a success. It was a little TOO horrible. Audiences did not enjoy this particular brand of fright. Throughout the years, this picture has built up an almost legendary reputation, as the "ultimate" horror film. It has been revived occasionally, and the audience reactions have proven it has not lost its chilling power. But large-scale revival was never undertaken, and as far as the staff of FRANKENSTEIN can determine, it has never been seen on television.

The plot of FREAKS revolves around the unhappy romance of two circus performers: a midget (Harry Earles, of THE UNHOLY THREE), and a trapeze artist, Cleopatra (Olga Baclanova). He falls hopelessly in love with the beautiful aerialist, but she ignores him until she learns he is heir to a fortune. Then she agrees to marry him, and lures him away from his midget fiancée (Daisy Earles). Together with her lover, the circus strong man (Harry Victor), she plans to slowly poison the midget, and inherit his money.

The rest of the freaks, who forms a kind of brotherhood, overcome their dislike of Cleopatra and decide to admit her to their society. They have a banquet for the newly-wed couple. But the drunken bride rebuffs them, screams insults at them, and storms out.

The freaks do not forgive her. They keep watch on her, and learn of her evil plans. One stormy night she and the strong man prepare to murder the midget. But the other freaks arrive in time to prevent it. In the movie's most terrifying scene, they chase the trapeze artist through the dark, rainswept woods. Wriggling and crawling along the ground, they inexorably pursue her, and catch her.

In the shocking epilogue, we see that somehow Cleopatra has been turned into a freak like the others: she is on exhibit in an enclosure, as a bird-woman. The revenge of the freaks is complete.



Another of the banquet scenes, above. The mood of gaiety is abruptly shattered by the drunken hatred of the bride. The scene below illustrates some of the film's oddly wistful quality. Despite this feature, many countries have banned FREAKS, probably because of its grotesque finale.





While far from a filmic masterpiece, the recent production of *THE HAUNTING* seems to have already established for itself a niche among the minor classics of horror. Short on story, it emphasizes mood and atmosphere, sometimes with telling effect. Expert performances and direction enhance the aura of psychological terror that emanates from the screen, just as it does from the eerie old mansion of Shirley Jackson's book.

The story concerns the century-old Hill House, standing in a quiet corner of New England and quietly falling into decay. The woman for whom it was built never saw it; she was killed when her carriage overturned as she was driving up. Did the horses sense something beyond human powers of sight and hearing? Dr. John Markway, a university professor interested in psychic matters, believes so. He outlines the house's history to a colleague. Death after death has occurred there; strange sounds have been heard at night; strange things seen. In the end, the house was abandoned to corruption and decay, and to its strange spectral inhabitants.

Dr. Markway believes Hill House may be exactly what he has been looking for: a "genuine" haunted house which will serve as a laboratory for his investigations. To aid him, he has invited a number of persons whose past lives have touched on the supernatural, to spend a weekend at Hill House.

Of all those invited, only two actually turn up: Theodora, a "sensitive," possessing the power to read minds and perceive the uncanny; and Eleanor, who had ghostly events center around her at the age of ten. Luke Sannerson, nephew of the house's present owner, also decides to come out. He is a confirmed skeptic on supernatural matters, but he is soon to change his views.

Arriving at the house, they wander among its bizarre corridors and rooms, full of odd furniture and bric-a-brac. Even the architecture of the house is disturbing: nowhere are there any perfectly straight lines, and doors and halls branch off in a random and unexpected manner.

The first night, Theodora's ESP powers detect something strange outside their room. Terrifying noises are heard, and the sound of breathing. Something appears to be trying to get in the room. Finally the sounds stop, but the next morning there are signs of an odd disturbance.

Gradually, it becomes obvious that the weird phenomena are directed at Eleanor, like the "Poltergeist" manifestations of her past, when objects moved with no one near them. Markway asks her to leave, but, thinking of her bleak and cheerless home life, she refuses. The house is all she has, and in some strange way she has become part of it.

The ghostly happenings continue, steadily increasing. Finally, the arrival of Dr. Markway's wife brings about a crisis. Insisting on spending the night in a room none of the others have dared to remain in, she disappears.

Apparently, the house is satisfied, having claimed a victim. Dr. Markway insists on sending Eleanor home. Reluctantly, she gets into her car, and starts to drive off. But, predictably, the house will not release her, and she is killed just as the house's first owner was, a hundred years before.

EleanorJulie Harris
 TheodoraClaire Bloom
 Dr. MarkwayRichard Johnson
 LukeRuss Tamblyn

Filmed in Panavision

Producer-Director: Robert Wise

Screen Play: Nelson Gidding

Based on the novel *THE HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE* by Shirley Jackson

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture.

THE HAUNTING



By RANDOLPH CARTER and
JOSEPH KAYE



Julie Harris. On the opposite page,
Miss Harris and Richard Johnson.

Shaken, the surviving members of the party stand outside and look back at the old mansion. Grimly, the formerly skeptical Luke declares that it ought to be burnt. But the spirit of Eleanor, joined with those of the house's other former occupants, is somewhat contented.

CRITICAL COMMENT

For a change, it is not a pleasant task to find shortcomings in this film. It is a serious effort, not the usual second-rate quickie. With top stars, famed also for their acting ability, an expert director (Robert Wise), and a generally distinguished, expensive production, *The Haunting*, is the most ambitious supernatural film in many years. Where, then, does it fall down?

It has two shortcomings. First, the horror is kept off the screen for too long. Suspense is all very well, but when the audience is continually led to expect real, visible terrors, and is disappointed time after time, it eventually becomes dissatisfied. Despite its many other assets, the film cannot overcome this fundamental flaw. Yes, many others have managed to do so. But usually they made up for the early weakness by a powerful visual climax. *The Haunting*, however remains visibly spook-less to the very end. What apparently works in print proves ineffective on the screen, for all of director Wise's great skill.

The second fault comes from the original story: there is not one really sympathetic character. Despite Julie Harris' fine and touching performance, any audi-



Like all the occupants of the house, the second mistress of Hill House dies under unexplained circumstances (above). As the mysterious noises outside their door come closer, Julie Harris and Claire Bloom listen in terror (below).



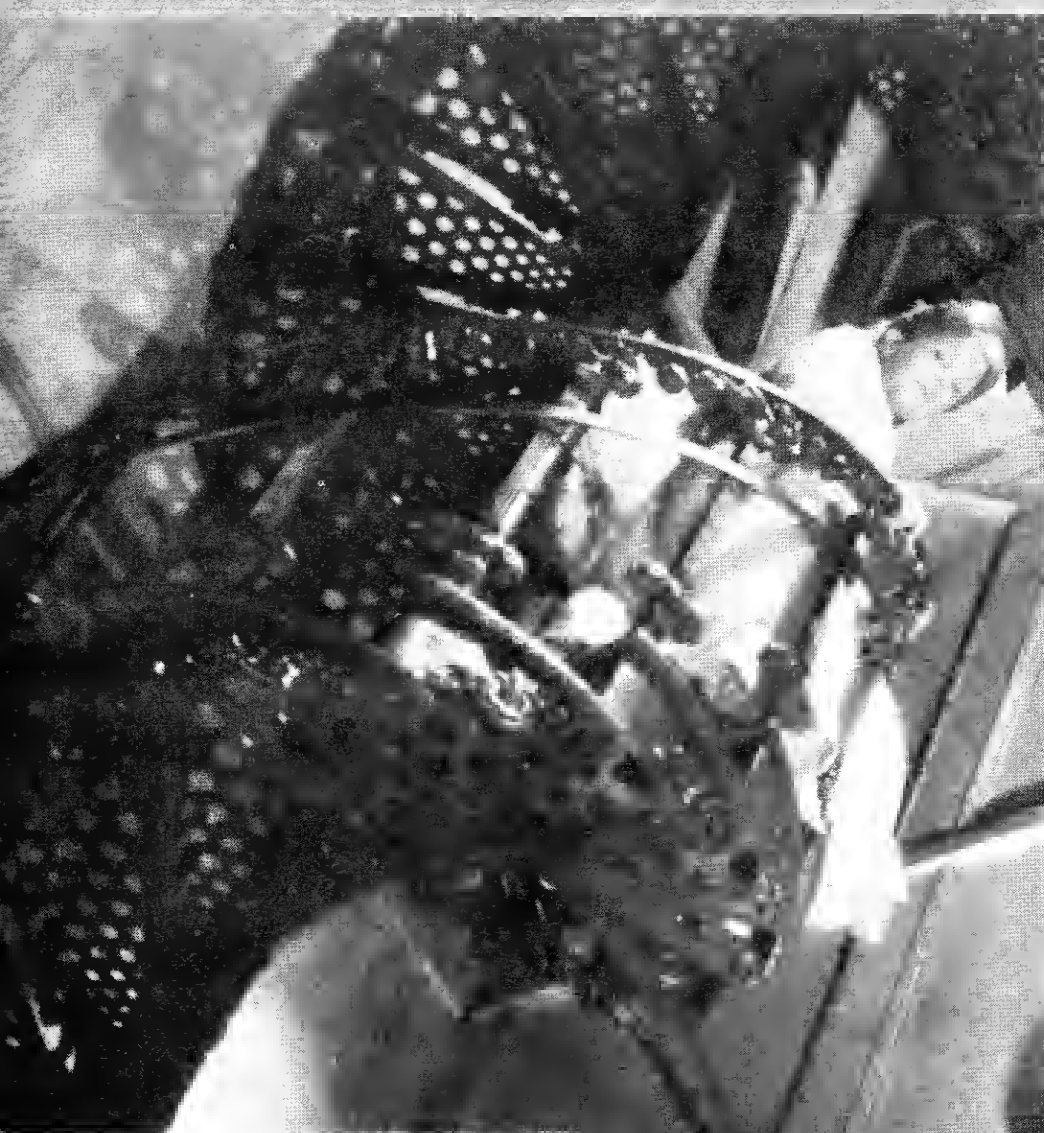
ence sympathy she may obtain comes from her own acting ability, not from the part as written. This is so obvious a fault, it is surprising *someone* connected with the production did not see it sooner, and try to remedy it. None of these people are real, moving, convincing. It is as if the authors of book and screenplay alike had done their best to alienate us from these people. If so, they have certainly succeeded.

Even the weakest horror film has a quality of pathos in its leading character (usually the monster, oddly enough). One thinks of Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing, Karloff: good actors all, and widely cast in sympathetic parts, no matter how monstrous. Without audience identification with at least one of its characters, no film, horror or otherwise, can succeed.

Robert Wise

The Haunting, in many of its scenes, does not come close to joining the select company of such really first-rate horror films as *Dead of Night*, *The Cat People*, and *Curse of the Demon*. That it does so is a tribute to the artistry of Robert Wise.

In the early 1940's a small production unit, headed by a man named Val Lewton, began turning out low-budget horror films for RKO. These pictures, famous in their own time both within the industry and with discerning critics like the late James Agee, have today assumed an almost legendary status. Despite low costs, barely competent casts, lurid titles and advertising (tacked on by the front office), and often weak scripts, they had a strange quality sometimes very moving and beautiful, as well as chilling.



Two of the directors of these films, getting their early start under Lewton's knowing supervision, have gone on to become famous makers of top-budget features. They are Mark Robson *Peyton Place*, *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness*, and Robert Wise, director of two Academy Award-winning pictures: *I Want to Live!* and *West Side Story*.

Wise began as co-director of *Curse of the Cat People* for Lewton; then, he did *The Body Snatcher*, remembered today as one of Karloff's finest roles. Later, for 20th Century-Fox, he directed what many feel is the finest American science fiction picture: *The Day the Earth Stood Still*.

Another Lewton alumnus, Jacques Tourneur, later made a film strikingly reminiscent of the RKO classics in *Curse of the Demon* (a film which eclipses *The Haunting* in quality).

A final word on this picture: although not wholly successful, it nevertheless comes a lot closer than another recent and somewhat overrated "A" horror movie, *The Innocents* (with which some critics have compared it.) What it loses in action and suspense, it makes up for in over-all quality. A lot of this is due to the budget, which is higher than that usually allotted to this type of production. The recent *Cabinet of Caligari* and *Psysch*, in fact, looked a lot cheaper.

It is high time that horror features emerged from the rut of B-picture mediocrity in which they have been for so long. With pictures like this, they may be beginning to do so.

VAMPIRE Section



Karl (Victor Maddern), the servant of the evil Callistratus, subdues Madelaine (Barbara Shelley), his helpless captive.

In a desolate section of Transylvania, in 1880, a group of men attend an execution. Raising his heavy mallet over a wooden stake, the executioner smites downward. From the outstretched form in the coffin, there is an agonized cry; a spate of blood gushes forth. The unholy deed is done: a notorious doctor, accused of being a vampire, is pronounced officially dead.

At the insistence of a hunchback named Carl, a shady doctor is immediately summoned. He proceeds to bring the body back to life. With the impaling stake removed, it begins to stir. Simultaneously, a huge bat flies shrieking through the night! When the shady practitioner tries blackmail, the warped, one-eyed Carl puts him away with a knife.

At the same time, in Bavaria, young doctor John Pierre fails in trying to save a patient's life through a blood transfusion. He is sentenced to life imprisonment on evidence of a letter, supposedly written by his friend, Prof. Meinster. John's fiancée, Madelaine, vows to learn the truth to free him.

BLOOD OF THE

Dr. Callistratus (Donald Wolfitt) bends over Kurt Urach (William Devlin), one of the victims of his strange experiments.



A last-minute change is made after the sentence. John is transferred to a private coach driven by the deformed Carl. He is brought to a prison—for the criminally insane! A forbidding place, it is constantly guarded by a pack of hounds, trained to kill. Thrown into a dank cell, John is befriended by inmate Kurt Urach. He is warned to beware of diabolical activities in the prison. A few days later, he is summoned by Dr. Callistratus, the doctor-governor of the hellhole. The young doctor is puzzled when told to assist in blood tests on the inmates.

At the same moment, Madelaine and Prof. Meinster have convinced the Chief Justice of John's innocence. The justice confers with his aide, Herr Auron, not suspecting that it was Auron who forged the letter which condemned John. Auron hastens to warn Callistratus (with whom he is in league) that the case is being reviewed, and a pardon is inevitable. But the doctor misinforms John that there is no hope. Disillusioned, the young man decides to accept his cellmate's plan for an escape. In the attempt, Kurt goes on ahead. Trying to follow, John is stopped by Wetzler, the brutal guard. Kurt succeeds in getting over the wall, which is exactly what Callistratus had wanted: he gives the order to release the ferocious dogs. John assumes Kurt to be dead.

Frantic now, Madelaine manages to secure a position in the prison. After a sharp quarrel with the doctor, John is escorted back to his quarters. In the corridor, he and Madelaine meet. Though their eyes speak volumes, they betray no sign of recognition.



As the executioner looks on, the body of the supposedly dead Callistratus is lowered into its "final" resting place. Shortly thereafter, it is exhumed by the faithful Karl.

VAMPIRE

The distinguished British actor, Sir Donald Wolfitt, who plays Dr. Callistratus. He has also appeared as the hypnotist Svengali, in the 1955 film of the that name, based on the famous novel.

The next day, John becomes suspicious when he notes Kurt's name on a blood test card. Though Callistratus dismisses it as an error, the young man is determined to learn the truth. To his horror, he finds that many prisoners have been used in devilish experiments, ending up in the prison's Potter's Field. Locating Kurt's grave, John discovers it to be empty. Turning, he discovers Wetzler, who has been spying on him. They struggle, and the guard's effort to bayonet him backfires; he is impaled on his own weapon. John returns to the prison undetected.

That day Herr Auron pays Callistratus another visit. The doctor feels that his accomplice can no longer be trusted; rightfully so, since Auron threatens to tell all if anything goes amiss. Callistratus learns from him the truth about his new housekeeper, Madelaine, then kills him.

The doctor begins to enact a plan to dispose of John and his fiancée. But Carl, whom Madelaine had treated kindly, warns John that she is being kept prisoner. Descending to Callistratus' ghastly chamber, John finds the girl chained to a pillar. But the shrewd villain had expected him and easily subdues John, then chains him alongside his sweetheart. In bloodchilling detail, the doctor describes his reasons for the blood experiments, the mutilation and dissection of so many liv-





CAST

Sir Donald Wolfitt Dr. Callistratus
 Barbara Shelley Madelaine
 Vincent Ball Dr. Jahn Pierre
 Victor Maddern Carl
 William Devlin Kurt Urach
 In Eastman Color
 Producers: Robert S. Baker and Monty Berman
 Director: Henry Cass
 An Eras production, released (1959) by
 Universal-International

Karl asks a doctor (Cameron Hall) to restore his master, Calistratus to life (above). In one of the film's climactic scenes (below) he stands threateningly over Madelaine, bound to one of the doctor's operating tables.



ing prisoners. He requires a constant supply of fresh blood to overcome a rare disease he had contracted while in suspended animation. He had adopted the deathlike trance as a means of escaping the death sentence passed on him. Mistaking his experiments for the work of the supernatural, the authorities had condemned him as a vampire. One look around Callistratus' gallery of horrors is ample evidence that he speaks the truth.

John is horror stricken when the doctor produces the living, mutilated body of Kurt. He appeals to his friend for help, and the supposedly helpless man seizes Callistratus' wrist with fanatic strength. As they struggle, they come closer to John, who seizes the opportunity to bring down his manacles on the doctor's head. Finding the keys in the unconscious man's pockets, he frees Madelaine and himself. He turns to help Kurt, but his friend is dead.

Now master of the situation, John orders Callistratus to escort him and Madelaine to safety outside the prison gates. He leaves, with a reminder that he will return, with the authorities.

Meanwhile the hunchback Carl, shot for disloyalty and left for dead by the evil doctor, recovers. Crawling to the main hall, he endeavors to release the vicious hounds while the doctor is still outside. A guard shoots him, but as he falls, his already dead body crashes down on the release lever. Outside, Callistratus is beset by the dogs. Then attack him on all sides with bared fangs and slaving jaws, bringing his hideous career to an agonized end.

CRITICISM

In Brilliant Eastman Color, **BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE** could be called the most colorful of macabre productions. Though having plenty of blood, there is no vampire here. The movie really falls into the category of science shockers, such as the **FRANKENSTEIN** series. Done in the finest Grand Guignol tradition, it did not have to resort to deceptive measures to arouse interest. The title is totally unfitting. So is the scene where the stake is extracted, with its huge, misleading bat. Not only was it annoying, it was silly. So was Sir Donald Wolfitt's misleading makeup: he is more like Bela Lugosi than Lugosi himself. His nose is changed and lengthened, his hairline altered to a peak, sharply converging between eyebrows satanically exaggerated, completing a personality that is malevolence incarnate. It is therefore natural to be disappointed to find no fangs, coffin bed, or other vampire trappings.

But such slight discrepancies become obscured by a good and tautly written script, developed by Jimmy Sangster, who has also scripted many Hammer productions, including **HORROR OF DRACULA**. As with many British horror films, there is much to recommend and little with which to find fault. It is also worth noting that British color film laboratories so far excel American ones that Hollywood exports many films there for processing. The excellence of color quality in **BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE** confirms this.

Acting, particularly that of Shakespearean Donald Wolfitt, is of a high level. **VAMPIRE** is tinged throughout with an operatic flavor, but this only increases its mood and atmosphere. Victor Maddern's misanthropic Hunchback is a loathsome and yet fascinating character. This is a part that the least error could transform into meaningless crudity, but it is uniquely portrayed.



In the climactic scene of the Hammer chiller, the vampire family fowls in fear. Their evil masters will soon be brought to an end. From left to right: Tonio (Isobel Bloor), Earl (Barry Warren), Sabena (Jacquie Wallis), and their vampire master, Dr. Rovno (Noel Willman).



Noel Willman is the latest in the long line of screen vampires, and one of the very best. As Dr. Rovno, he heads an entire cult of the undead, and endeavors to add a young English girl to the roster of his disciples.

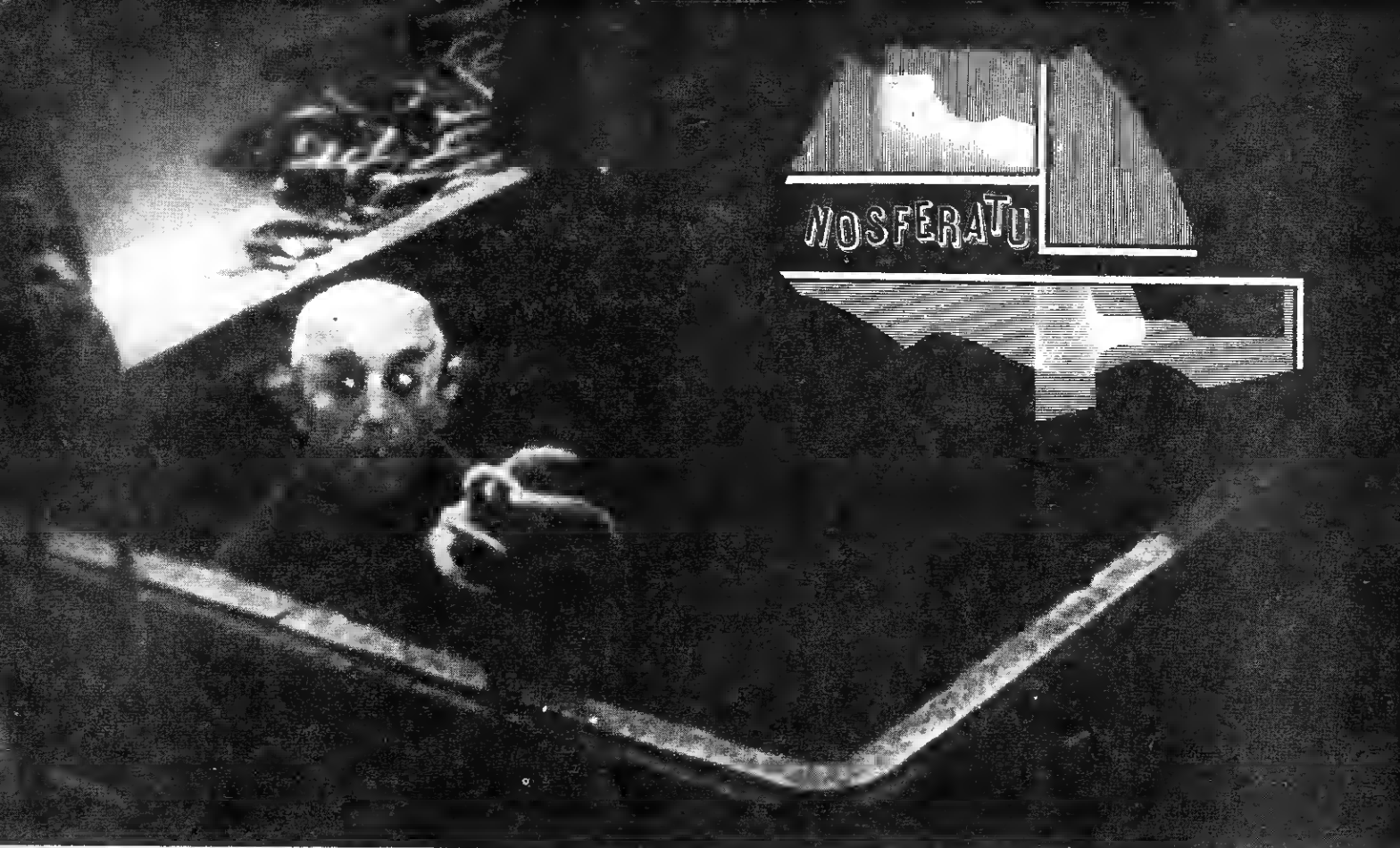


Morionne Horcourt, (Jennifer Daniel), victim of the vampire's dread power, runs to him through the forest.

KISS OF THE VAMPIRE



Sabena, daughter of Dr. Rovno, is the victim of an onslaught of vampire bats. From the film's horrific climax.



Mox Schreck, as Nosferatu, emerges (above) from the hold of the ship that has carried him to Bremen. It is a ship of death, its crew destroyed by his terrible powers. Below, he is shown in closeup. Note the odd and unearthly makeup, so unlike that of later screen vampires. He is truly a figure of evil.



By ROBERT E. LEE
(President, Essex Film Club)

Dracula's dark, sinister figure of dread, spawned in the dense Carpathian forests. The Prince of Vampires was first given the breath of life (if so it can be called) in the novel by Bram Stoker. His macabre story has been filmed several times: in the Universal production of 1931 and its sequels, in the Hammer version of 1958, and even in Mexico. But it is the very first screen version—made without Stoker's authorization—with which this article will deal.

Nosferatu, a Symphony of Terror, to give its full, original title, was made in Germany by the Prana company. The year was 1922. Although the novel was the basis of the story, the scriptwriter, Henrik Galeen, incorporated many ideas of his own. It was made by the great German director of silent films, F. W. Murnau. (He also made *Faust*, one of the classic screen fantasies.)

The story tells of a young real estate clerk, recently married, who is sent by his firm to Carpathia. He is to see a certain Count Orlock, also called Nosferatu (a Slavic word meaning "vampire") about a purchase of land in the city of Bremen.

His trip through the deep woods, with its mists and baying wolves, its eerie birds and frightened horses, is one of the classic macabre film sequences. This is due to the many imaginative camera tricks of the photographer, Fritz Arno Wagner. He photographed the woods in the negative to make the trees appear white against a dark sky. The coach carrying the clerk was photographed at a slower speed than normal, giving its movements a ghostly, speeded-up quality when projected on the screen.



Jonothon Horker meets the evil Count Orlock (above), also known as Nosferatu: The Vampire. Below, the evil creature vanishes as he is struck by the first roys of dawn. He has been destroyed by the power of love, the love of Jonothon Horker's wife, Nino, for her husband.

The young man arrives at Orlock's castle, only to find it deserted. Searching for his host, he wanders through empty rooms and dark cellars. Suddenly, in a subterranean room, he comes upon a coffin. Within it lies a figure with staring eyes in a grotesque face, flanked by a pair of pointed ears. It is Count Orlock.

That night, the clerk is sleeping fitfully in the room given to him when Nosferatu stealthily enters. But as he is about to pounce, he stops short. At that moment, back in Bremen, the young man's bride has stirred in her sleep, and called her husband's name. In some mysterious way, the vampire is affected, and withdraws.

The following night preparations are being made for Orlock's trip to Bremen. The clerk watches helplessly as coffins are packed with earth and loaded on a wagon. Travelling with the same phantomlike speed as the coach, the wagon leaves.

Aboard ship, a strange pestilence seems to hover over the vampire. One by one, the crew dies, until when the vessel docks, there is not a living soul on board. Carrying his boxes of earth, Nosferatu slips off the ship after dark. Taking possession of his house, he begins to prey on the townspeople. Wherever he goes, rats and plague follow, and soon there is a daily procession of coffins through the cobbled streets.

Meanwhile the young man recovers from the effects of the vampire's attack, and returns home. His wife, Nina, reads a book on the undead and learns of a way to overcome them. When the Count, irresistibly drawn to her, enters her

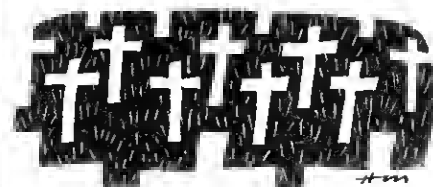




room, she does not flee, but welcomes him. A miracle occurs, and the vampire vanishes into thin air with the coming of dawn.

The title role in *Nosferatu* was played by tall, gaunt Max Schreck (whose name in German means "terror"). He later played in a strange, mystical film called *At the Edge of the World*, with Brigitte Helm (of *Metropolis*).

Although later productions like Carl Dreyer's *Vampyr* (1932) and Tod Browning's *Dracula* were more polished and proficient, *Nosferatu* still has a uniquely imaginative quality. It still has the power, as a Hungarian writer put it, to evoke a "chilly draft from doomsday."



The vampire count, about to pounce (above). He is discovered in his coffin (below) by the clerk. **NOSFERATU** was only one of the fantasy classics made in Germany during silent era. Others included **THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE**, a tale of sorcery and dual identity; **HOMUNCULUS**, with the Frankenstein-like theme of artificial life; and the even more Frankenstein-like **THE GOLEM**.



CURSE *A* *A*

VAMPIRE

by MIKE PARRY



Everyone has heard of Dracula, the infamous vampire count from Transylvania, but how many know his *real* origin? Many, if asked, would go back only to the 1931 film; others, to the earlier German silent version, *Nosferatau*; still others, to the stage play or the Bram Stoker novel of 1897. But his real origin goes back even further . . . 500 years, further, in fact. We must go beyond the foggy, gas-lit streets of Stokers London to the legend-shrouded hills of the Balkans.

It is from these Slavic lands that we learn of *Skazanie O Drakule Voivodes* The Story of Count Dracula. It is related in certain old Russian folk-tales of the 15th and 16th centuries. These are said to be based on true accounts of the nefarious practices of a certain Prince of Wallachia, known as *Vlad the Impaler*. This Vlad was the terror of his country between 1445 and 1452. In two Turkish manuscripts of the 16th century he is described in such terms as "stogica" "ordog" and "pokol," which

meant vampire and sorcerer. In one article on Dracula the theory was proposed that the name was derived by Stoker from the latin *Draco*, meaning dragon or devil. This is not entirely wrong. The truth is that when the evil Vlad renounced the orthodox faith he was henceforth called *Voivode Dracula*: the Devil Count: Count Dracula.

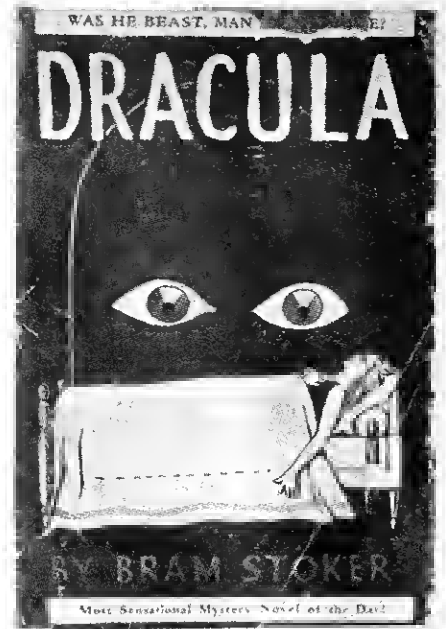
Yet if a Count Dracula did exist, he is far removed from the character in Stoker's novel. Notably, the *real* Dracula is not a vampire, although certain

of Vlad's characteristics are horrifying enough. He took a sadistic pleasure in supping amongst the corpses of his victims, and his nickname of "the Impaler" comes from his favourite method of dealing with his enemies. (An interesting and noteworthy variation of the stake theme, so important in vampire folklore.) Also, it is no mere coincidence that the story of Vlad the Impaler should reach the height of its popularity in Russia during the regime of Ivan the Terrible. The wicked old Tsar was also notorious for his use of the sharpened stake.

In a recent biography of Stoker *A Biography of Dracula: The Life Story of Bram Stoker*, The Fireside Press, W. Foulsham and Co. Ltd., London and New York) its author, Harry Ludlam, tells us how Stoker came to hear of the legend of Count Dracula. A friend of his, Arminius Vambery, was carrying out historical researches in Budapest when he came across the two aforementioned Turkish manuscripts. He told Stoker of his find and the author was delighted, for he had been seeking just such a tale to provide a historical basis for his novel. Needless to say, *Dracula* owes much more to Stoker's imagination than to the actual facts relating to the Voivode Drakula, Prince of Wallachia.

For almost a hundred years before Stoker put pen to paper and commenced his immortal classic of the Undead, the Vampire had been enjoying a literary revival. It had been summoned out of the grave of superstition by the literary movement known as Romanticism. In the character of the Vampire, the Romantic writers found the ideal figure to personify the theme of seduction so prevalent in 19th century literature. At the same time, he served to introduce "a bit of the dark world" into their writings. The Vampire was a link between love and death, the two subjects most dear to the Romantic writer.

In the 18th century the *Blutsauger*, or Bloodsucker (as the Vampire was then known) was a recurrent theme in German poetry. These dark verses of a region where life, death and love merge greatly impressed and inspired Goethe. Even so, the great writer was to remark, when speaking of contemporary "ultra-romantic" French literature in general and Merimee's *La Guzla* in particular: "Instead of the noble content of Greek Mythology one sees devils, sorcerers and Vampires."



Despite this, he did not hesitate to describe his own *Bride of Corinth* as "a Vampire tale." Another German fantasy author of prominence, E. T. A. Hoffman, seemed to share the opinion of Goethe. "The Vampire," he said, "is one of the most dreadful and blackest of ideas; it is spawned of the horrible and repulsive." These noble sentiments did not prevent him from writing *The Vampire*; despite its title, this novel concerns a ghoul, an even more horrible creature.

About this time, the influence of the German poets began to make itself felt in British poetry. Sir Walter Scott, in his lengthy poem *Clerk Saunders*, writes:

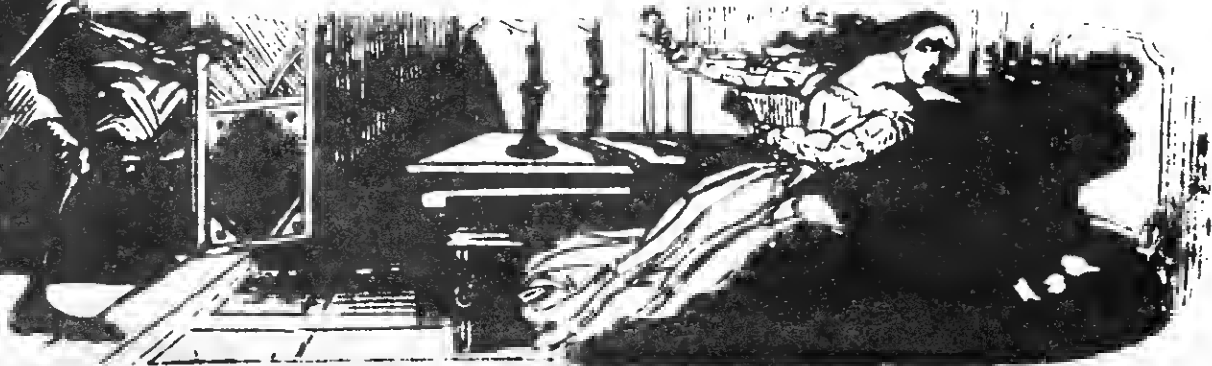
My mouth is full cold, Margaret,
It has the smell, now, of the ground
And if I kiss thy comely mouth
Thy days of life will not be long.

But the first work to firmly establish the Vampire in English fiction was Byrons *Giaour* (1813), a passage from which follows:

But first on earth, as vampire sent,
Thy corpse will from its tomb be rent.
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race.

In a footnote to his poem, the well-traveled poet relates: "The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these foul feeders are singular, and some of them most *incredibly* attested."

Above is the cover from the 1912 edition of *DRACULA*. At the left is one of the illustrations from the score 1847 edition of *VARNEY THE VAMPIRE*.



On that famous evening at Maison Montalegre, as a result of which Mary Shelley wrote *Frankenstein*, Byron spoke of writing a Vampire tale. Alas, it was not to be. However, Polidori, his secretary, employed his ideas in his own tale, *The Vampire*, published in *The New Monthly* (1819). Indeed, in his sinister hear Lord Ruthven, Polidori embodied many of the notorious traits of Byron. Whatever, the controversy as to the author of the piece, it was a source of inspiration to many others and firmly established the theme of the Vampire in English literature.

1833 saw the publication of Liddell's *Vampire Bride*:

When they thrust a dart through its swollen heart
It convulsively shivered and screamed."

Times changed, but the treatment was always the same. *Varney the Vampire*; Or, *The Feast Of Blood* (subtitled "A romance of exciting interest"), by Thomas Prekett Prest, was a "penny dreadful," sold in episodes. It had a tremendous popular success. However, the author's repeated emphasis on grisly detail did little to preserve the story's atmosphere. Regardless of its faults, it did serve to show how popular these uncanny tales of the Undead had become.



BLOOD AND ROSES

In 1865 Swinburne wrote the poem *Chastelard*, which dealt with the fatal attraction of a female vampire. This theme was redeveloped in 1872 by the Irish writer Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu in his novelette *Carmilla*. This time the Vampire (or rather Vampiress) is a charming young girl from Transylvania. She descends suddenly upon the quiet bousehold of an English gentleman and asks for his hospitality for a few weeks. He cannot refuse such a beautiful young lady. The lovely guest makes friends with the young mistress of the house, who mysteriously begins to pine away. Finally, unaccountably weak and of deathly pallor, sbe dies.

Le Fanu's novelette was remarkably constructed. It relates in such detail normal, everyday happenings, that when the supernatural element is introduced one readily accepts it.

Carmilla was to inspire Bram Stoker to write *Dracula* and Carl Dreyer to make the film *Vampyr*. The story itself was finally filmed by France's Roger Vadim as *Blood and Roses* (*Et Mourir de Plaisir*; literally, "To Die of Pleasure").

Le Fanu's story greatly impressed Bram Stoker, who henceforth entertained the idea of writing a similar novel, but with greater regard for authentic detail. Bram (or Abraham Stoker, to give him

Cont. on Page 40

Above is the outograph of DRACULA'S creator, Bram Stoker, ond below is Stoker himself. Although there hod been vampire stories before, his was the most popular, ond became the definitive one. It wos Stoker who sow the dro-motic possibilities of the Vampire Bat, and connected it to the vampire leg-end. This was only one of the mony original touches he introduced, oll of which hove now become stondordized.



BRAM STOKER



BLACK

A 200-year-old sorceress! A crumbling, ancient castle! Two members of the Undead, rising from their graves, thirsting for vengeance! These are some of the spinechilling ingredients that made 1961's **BLACK SUNDAY** one of the best horror thrillers of recent years.

Featuring the lovely Barbara Steele in the dual role of the 17th-Century vampire and her latter-day descendent, this tense film of the supernatural was based on a classic story by Nikolai Gogol, famed Russian writer. It was made in Italy, a country not usually noted for vampires, either on-screen or off. Nevertheless, so well have they taken to the subject that they have put many more experienced horror film producers to shame! It is a pity that we have not seen more Italian and European terror movies in this country, since they have generally been equal to ours.

However, for good news in this respect, see our Movie Noose Reel department, where you'll find word about another Italian horror epic, from the director of **BLACK SUNDAY**!

As the film opens, we see an eerie procession of black-robed figures, carrying torches. They are members of the Inquisition, dread religious order of the 17th-Century Balkan country of Moldavia. They are carrying out a sentence of execution. The victim is a lovely young black-haired girl, Princess Asa of the House of Vaida (Barbara Steele). She and her lover, Javuto (Arturo Dominici) have been accused of worshipping Satan, of practicing witchcraft and black magic. Both must die.

The Grand Inquisitor, who has passed

sentence upon the Princess, is her own brother! Mercilessly, he watches as she is held, helpless, as sentence is pronounced, as the mask of Satan is placed upon her. This hideous bronze face is lined inside with sharp spikes!

Before she dies, the witch curses her brother, vowing vengeance on his descendants. Then, screaming horribly, she meets her awful fate.

It is 1830, two centuries later, and old Dr. Choma (Andrea Checchi) and his young assistant, Dr. Gorobec (John Richardson), are driving through a dark forest, on their way to a nearby medical congress. Taking a shortcut, the axle of their coach breaks, and they are forced to halt near an old, half-ruined castle.

While their driver makes repairs, the two men venture further into the dark wood, idly exploring the castle's vicinity. They come upon an old chapel, and a burial vault. There, a single coffin reposes. Through a window in the lid they see an ugly mask, its features distorted in a horrible smile.

Dr. Gorobec feels strangely impelled to remove it. He does so, revealing an uncannily preserved face, still beautiful. Does he imagine it, or does it seem to be alive, pulsing with some evil half-life? There is a peal of thunder, and a storm breaks. The two men leave the crypt.

Outside, they see a startling sight: apparently the same woman buried in the vault stands there, dressed in flowing black garments and with two huge dogs on a leash! However, she is not the witch, but her great-granddaughter, Princess Katia (Barbara Steele). The

Two scenes from this eerie production. Above, Barbara Steele as Princess Kotio. At the right, Jovuto (Arturo Dominici) whips his horses into yet more speed, as he speeds through the night on his mission of evil. The dark, moody photography of this film was one of its most outstanding features.

CAST

Princess Ada Barbara Steele
Princess Katia Barbara Steele
Dr. Gorobec Jahn Richardson
Javuta Artura Daminici
Dr. Choma Andrea Checchi
Directed by Mario Bava. Based on THE
VIJ, by Nikolai Gogol. An American-
International release, 1961.

SUNDAY

resemblance is uncanny.

As they continue their journey, the two men set off for the nearby village, where they are to spend the night. Behind them, in the crypt, the dead woman *does* stir. Her eyes open! She has become a vampire, remaining in an undead state within the coffin for two hundred years. The removal of the mask and a cross placed in the coffin have freed her. Still unable to move, she can only give mental commands.

In a nearby graveyard, the corpse of her lover, Javuto, also stirs. At her order, the mound of earth above his grave begins to heave. Slowly but inexorably the body emerges, still wearing the terrible mask. Javuto heaves himself upright, walks forward, and removes the mask. Then he vanishes into the shadows.

At the Vaida castle the old Prince, Katia's father, suddenly falls ill. A servant is sent for Dr. Choma. But it is Javuto who knocks upon the doctor's door. Offering to take him to the castle, he leads him to a sombre coach. Their journey ends at the Vaida tomb, where the vampire is waiting. Eyes blazing, she places Dr. Choma under her spell. He is now her slave, carrying out all her hellish commands.

Choma comes to the castle, pretending to treat the old Prince. Instead, he draws out his life blood, to provide sustenance for the evil sorceress.

Dr. Gorobec visits the castle, to find it under a dark shadow. The dogs howl, sensing some malign presence. Doors open, curtains move. An evil force is everywhere: striking at an old servant

(Continued on Page 37)

Princess Asa, ancestor of Katia (both roles played by Barbara Steele) cries out in agony (above) as she meets the fiery fate of an accused sorceress. This well-deserved end comes not in her own natural lifetime but many years after at the hands of the outraged peasants. Below, her servant, Javuto, rises from his grave at the witch's command, wearing the mask placed on him at the time of his execution.



MARDI GRAS



This rare and special scene is from the 1943 classic, **FLESH & FANTASY**, thought by many to have inspired the creation of the equally unique and even more exciting **DEAD OF NIGHT** of 1946. F & F was produced - directed by Charles Boyer and Julien Duvivier, starring Boyer, Edw. G. Robinson, Robert Cummings, Betty Field and Robert Benchley.



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VOLUME I: THE BEST OF WILKIE COLLINS

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VOLUME II: AN OMNIBUS OF AMERICAN MYSTERIES

If you're a Poe fan, you'll warm to the eeriness of Charles Brockton Brown's early American novel, *Wieland*. Here too are *The Cut on the Lips* by Thomas Aldrich, *In the Fog* by Richard Harding Davis and Cleveland Moffet's *The Mysterious Card*, which "Ellery Queen" called "the second most famous literary puzzle" and *The Woman by the Fountain* by F. Marion Crawford. Plus two special treats — two of the greatest short stories ever written — Edgar Allan Poe's *Thou Art the Man* and Ambrose Bierce's *The Boarded Window*.

VOLUME III: SHERIDAN LE FANU, THE DIABOLICAL GENIUS

The complete text of *Uncle Silas*, on which Nelson Browne commented, "With all its shades and nuances of nervous suggestion, a novel that is a delight to the connoisseur." Included also are *The Inn of the Flying Dragon* and *Carmilla*, the latter being the quintessence of vampirism. (P.S. We hesitate to recommend Le Fanu to the uninitiated who seek "relaxing" bedtime reading.)



VOLUME IV: R. L. STEVENSON, THE FABULOUS RACONTEUR

Ah, Mr. Stevenson. Need we say more? Here are *The Wrecker* ("splendid piece of storytelling" said James Sandoe), *The Suicide Club* ("Who among us will ever forget it?" asked Ellery Queen), *The Pavilion on the Links* (Arthur Conan Doyle called it "the very model of dramatic narrative"). Plus *The Sire Maletroit's Door* and *Thrawn Janet*.

VOLUME V: AN OMNIBUS OF BRITISH MYSTERIES

Hugh Conway's *The Fatal House*, Israel Zangwill's *The Big Bow Mystery*, W. W. Jacobs' *The Monkey's Paw*, Bram Stoker's *The Judge's House*, William Mudford's *The Iron Shroud*, Charles Reade's *The Nightsbridge Mystery*, Amelia Edwards' *A Night in the Borders of the Black Forest*, Charles Dickens' *Hunted Down* and Thomas Hardy's *The Three Strangers*. ADDED DIVIDEND: *The Hound of the Baskervilles* by Arthur Conan Doyle!

VOLUME VI: THE STRANGE WORLD OF ARTHUR MACHEN

We originally planned to include Machen in Volume V, but, to tell the truth, we couldn't decide which of his wonderfully wierd tales to use. So, instead, we've made a whole volume out of the bizarre, startling, supernatural and wonderful world of Arthur Machen. And we think that after reading *The Impostors*, *The Red Hand*, *The Shining Pyramid*, *The Immortal Light* and *The Great God Pan* (which begins with an operation on the brain of a simple country girl) you'll agree our decision was the wisest one possible.

VOLUME VII: THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO by Ann Radcliffe



A 17th Century Italian castle is the setting for this unique bloodcurdling masterpiece of an English girl bewitched by a sinister Italian nobleman. *Udolpho* has dazzled and terrified readers for 200 years, and even today its stark gothicism remains unforgettable.

VOLUME VIII: AN OMNIBUS OF CONTINENTAL MYSTERIES, Part I

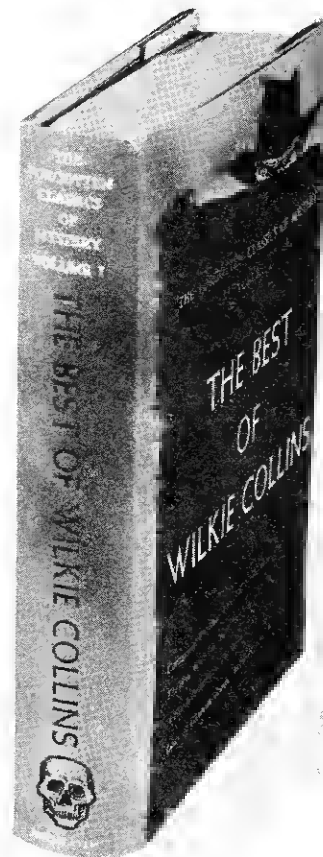
A companion to our earlier omnibuses, this book contains an even more impressive roster of names and pulse-quickening titles: *The Venus of Ille* by Prosper Mérimée, *The Homburg Murder Case* by Paul von Rosenkrantz, *The Crimson Curtain* by Jules Barby d'Aureville, *The Baron's Fate* by Arthur Schnitzler and — that classic of classics — *The Hand* by Guy de Maupassant. All in sparkling new translations.

VOLUME IX: AN OMNIBUS OF CONTINENTAL MYSTERIES, Part II

Further proof that the truly good mystery can be written in any language, German, French, Italian, Spanish, even Danish. Jörgen Bergsøe's *The Amputated Arms*, Charles Nodier's *Ines de Las Sierras*, Pedro de Alarçon's *The Nail*, Giovanni Verga's *The Castle of Trezza*, Friedrich Spielhagen's *The Skeleton in the House*, Paul Heyse's *Andrea Delfin*, Karl Rosner's *The Verseggy Case*, Bulwer-Lytton's *The House and the Brain* and an anonymous classic, *Bourgonev*.

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"Was Balzac a mystery writer too?" you'll ask. We'll let you answer that yourself after completing *The Condreville Mystery*, a superb suspense tale and historical romance rolled into one. Also present are *La Grande Bretèche* and *Ferragus*, a miniature gem about an escaped convict and a Parisian dame.



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Javuto leaves the coach (above) in which he has come to fetch Dr. Choma. Below, the members of the Inquisition Tribunal which try and sentence Princess Asa and Javuto (also shown on previous two pages).



(who is found hanged) and at Katia's brother, Constantine (killed by Javuto). To add to the mystery, there is the strange behavior of Dr. Corbec's older colleague.

Fuzzled, Dr. Corbec consults the village priest. The old man deciphers writing found on the Princess Asa's coffin and tells Gorobec the truth: she is of the undead, and must be destroyed.

By the ancient methods, the vampire must be returned to the grave which it has unlawfully left.

But it is nearly too late. The witch's plans are almost complete. She has drawn Katia to her, through a hidden passageway which leads to her tomb. From Katia's body, she begins drawing the life and youth to her own. Thus, she shall walk the earth again, assuming the identity of her descendant. Katia's body will be left in the tomb, so that it will be assumed to be that of the sorceress.

Gorobec arrives at the castle and discovers the passageway. At its end, he finds the tomb—and the two women. One is young and beautiful, the other old and haggard looking. He assumes the young one to be Katia and the other to be the vampire, and prepares to slay her.

Just in time, the villagers and the priest arrive. The young-looking vampire is revealed in her true lineaments, and seized by the crowd. Shrieking, she is tied to a ladder and consigned to a flaming pyre. As she finally gives up the life which should have ended two centuries before, the real Katia awakes youthful as before. The nightmare has ended.

CONTINENTAL CREATURES

THE LURKING VAMPIRE (EL VAMPIRO AECHECHA); an Argentinian film; no other credits available.



Abel Salazar, the Bela Lugosi of Mexico. He stars in the title role of *THE LURKING VAMPIRE* (as nearly as we have been able to determine), and in at least three other vampire films, all part of a series. As yet, they have not been shown to English-speaking audiences here.

The Spanish city of Madrid is particularly rich in horror and SF films. There are some pictures being shown here as I write this which haven't reached Britain (and America—Ed.) as yet, and perhaps never will.

I had never heard of this production before, yet it deserves more recognition than a lot of the Hollywood monster epics. Despite the title and the bat depicted on the posters, it left me in some doubt as to whether the monster was really supernatural. Nevertheless, it qualifies as horror and contains two superb scenes: a dream-sequence every bit as good as those in the Roger Corman Poe films, and a terrifying journey through a moonlit wood. It is based on a story by William Irish (Cornell Woolrich), and I would like to know which one. Can any reader help? (Write us if you know and we'll forward the data to Mr. Parry.—Ed.)

The film begins with a merry-go-round, turning slowly and sadly. Upon it stand the ogres and witches, giants and monsters, of our fairy tales. "The struggle between good and evil, child and monster, continues eternally," says the narrator. Then the camera moves into a world of fantasy, as we are led through an avenue of twisted trees with faces like malformed dwarves, and up to what looks like the original gingerbread cottage from "Hansel and Gretel".

Throughout the picture we return to that merry-go-round, which symbolizes the lurking terror that surrounds the youthful protagonists, and the elements of unreality which slowly creep into their lives.

The film proper begins when the young boy who is its hero is playing with a little girl. He is a rather spoiled youngster, and noticing that his playmate seems always well supplied with lollipops, he becomes jealous. She innocently informs him that a strange man gives them to her when they go on walks together.

That afternoon, when school lets out, he is hurrying toward the local playground. Children play happily around the merry-go-round, and in the distance he sees the little girl, talking to a man in a baggy, ill-fitting suit. He has sharp features and cold, cruel eyes. Slowly and silently, the merry-go-round turns.

The boy runs forward to meet them, but when he arrives at the place they are nowhere to be seen. All he bears are the cries of the children at play. He climbs to a height and looks for her in vain. All paths leading from the park are deserted. Suddenly the afternoon is no longer happy. Dusk is falling, the air has become chill, there is a sense of evil abroad. The boy runs home in

fear. Behind him, the merry-go-round still turns.

That night, as he goes to bed, he overhears a conversation between his father (the local police chief in this small town) and his mother. The little girl has disappeared. A search is being instigated. He sleeps, and his dream is the excellent nightmare sequence mentioned earlier. He is climbing a fantastic winding staircase which ascends high into the clouds. It leads to a fairyland (like the one seen in the opening). There is a cage of some sort, which the boy cautiously approaches. Suddenly, he recoils in horror! Within the previously empty cage appear a dozen images of a terrible face, gnashing its teeth and crying out to him. It is the face of the stranger! The faces weave and intertwine into a weird pattern, then fade away.

The boy turns to a nearby forest. From the branches dangle not leaves, but newspapers. A breeze springs up and the air is filled with scraps of newspaper. Buffeted about by the wind, they collect in a pile. There is a movement, a rustling. Suddenly, from within the pile, a hand appears. In it is clutched a lollipop. . . .

The next morning, the search continues, but the girl is never found. The boy never tells his story. Years pass, the affair is forgotten. The boy is older now, and has a new playmate. One day, in the playground, she cautiously shows him a lipstick. A strange man has given it to her. The boy's happiness is abruptly shattered. Memories flood back, and his old fears return.

At school, he is unable to concentrate on his work. The other children leave, but he is kept in. As the girl leaves, she tells him she is going to meet her new friend in the playground: *Next to the merry-go-round*. He tries to go after her, but is restrained by the teacher. He fights desperately and is expelled for misbehavior. It is now too late to go after the girl and he returns home in despair.

There, he learns that the girl has vanished. He tries to tell his story, but his father can think only of his expulsion from school. That night, however, he creeps out of the house and makes his way back to the playground. Beside the merry-go-round there are the signs of a struggle, and a trail leading off towards a forest. He enters this dark and forbidding region, being careful to leave his own trail behind.

There follows another brilliant sequence: a tense journey through the eerie wood, where creatures of darkness seem to lurk behind every shadowy bush and eerie sounds penetrate the stillness.

At length he comes to a ruined house deep in the forest's heart, where he

confronts the vampire-stranger and manages to save the girl, in the time-honored fashion.

This is a superbly done film, ranking with the best of the Hammer efforts, and even superior to them. The settings are very good, with many nice impressionistic touches, reminiscent of the German horror classics of the silent era. (Such as the original CALIGARI and THE GOLEM.—Ed.)

—Mike Parry

(Editor's note: This review, like the ones that follow, is reprinted from the British horror fan magazine CTHULHU.)

(We regret that we have no scenes from this film. However, we have obtained photos showing German Robles, who plays the vampire, in some of his other films.)

HARD TIME FOR VAMPIRES; an Italian film; starring Christopher Lee.

This is a comedy in which Dracula serves merely as a foil for the comic, much as he did in ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN and as our Frankensteinian friend did in FRANKENBERG CONTRA TORTICOLA. (A Spanish-language film not distributed generally in the U.S.—Ed.)

The comic here is a nobleman, fallen into hard times. He is forced to convert his atmospheric old gothic castle into a hotel, and as the money has all gone for taxes, is forced to support himself by working there as a bellboy!

A German Baron arrives at the hotel, or rather his baggage does. There is one large trunk, which our hero laboriously hauls up the stairs to the Baron's room. He has been instructed to wait until midnight, when the owner will appear. Needless to say, at the stroke of twelve the trunk opens to reveal a coffin, which opens in turn to reveal Dracula (Christopher Lee).

Our hero is naturally frightened but Drac doesn't want HIS blood; his intended victim are the lovely young girls who seem to be the only other guests in the hotel. He leaves to pursue one of them, but is chased off by her father, waving a coat-hanger which casts a crosslike shadow. Poor Dracula is forced (by the script) to fall and strike his head on a rock.

Somehow our hero finds an old book which tells how to deal with vampires and attempts to drive a stake through Dracula's heart. However, the Count (or Baron) manages to escape and sink his fangs into the hero instead. Whereupon the plot gets even more ridiculous.

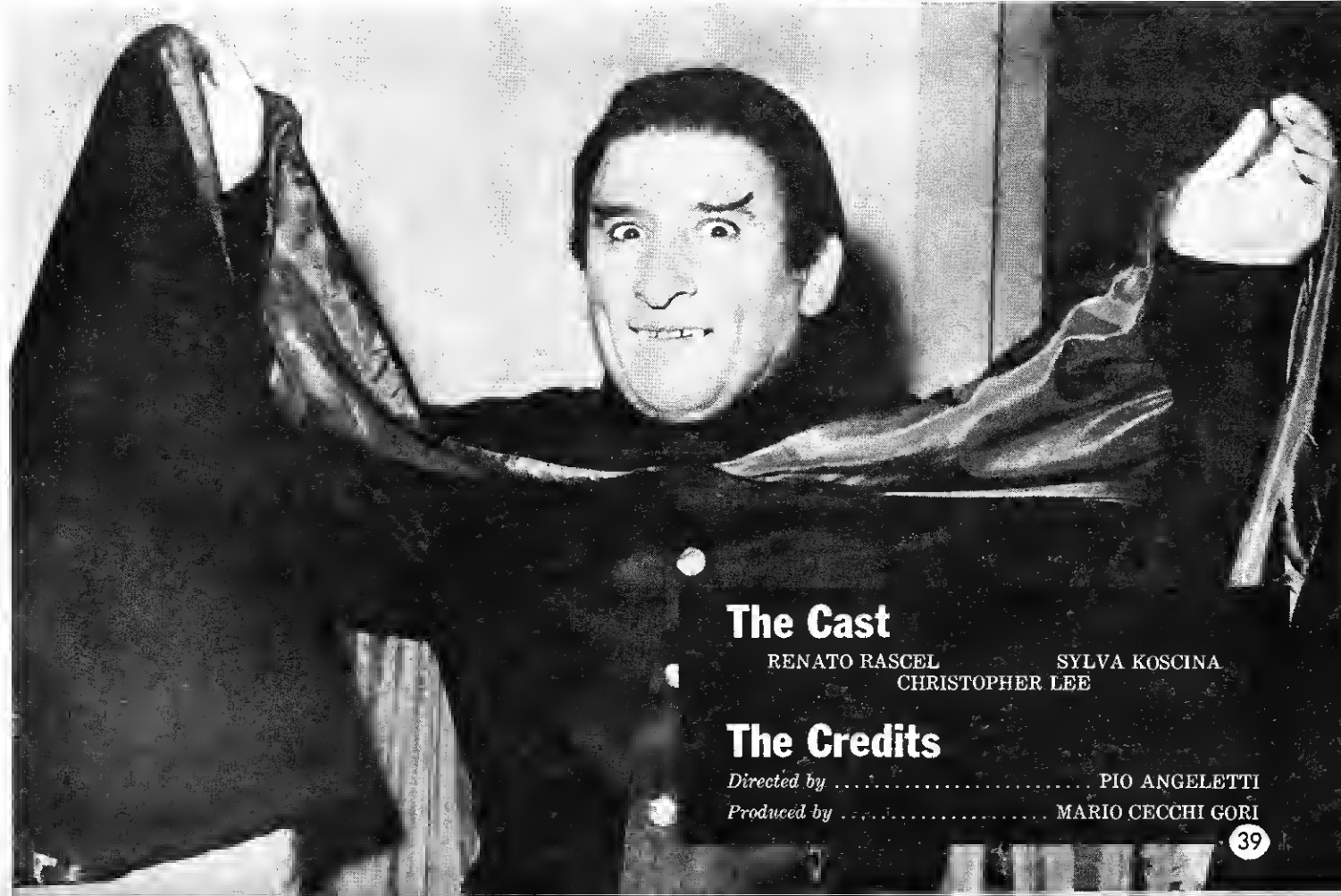
Our hero is now a vampire too, and stalks about the hotel in search of female prey. During the day, he becomes his old self while his victims, none the worse for wear, pursue HIM, having fallen under his romantic (?) spell.

After more of this nonsense, the hero and the girls recover and Dracula's coach is last seen driving off, driven by two beautiful young ladies, with (presumably) the hero and the Count inside.

—A. G. Parry



Two foreign vampires. Abel Salazar (above), and Christopher Lee, as he appears in **UNCLE WAS A VAMPIRE** (below).



The Cast

RENATO RASCEL

SYLVA KOSCINA

CHRISTOPHER LEE

The Credits

Directed by PIO ANGELETTI

Produced by MARIO CECCHI GORI



Two scenes, (above and below) from Carl Dreyer's classic film, *VAMPYR*. Although allegedly based on another Le Fanu story, it really owed a great deal to his *CARMILLA* — and even more to *DRACULA*. Film historians consider it one of the most artistic horror films ever made. The photographer was Rudolph Mote, who later directed *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE*.



Elsa Martinelli (below) in a dream sequence from *BLOOD AND ROSES*. This is one of several scenes omitted from the American version of the film. At the right is the cover illustration from the 1847 edition of *VARNEY THE VAMPIRE*.



(Continued From Page 31)

his proper name), was born in November 1847 in Dublin, of middle-class parents. He had a difficult childhood, suffering from ill-health at an early age. Despite this obstacle, he proved himself a fine athlete when he entered Trinity College, Dublin, at the age of sixteen. Already enamoured of the theatre, at the age of twenty, he met the man who was to exercise a powerful influence on him: Henry Irving, the great actor and theatre manager. (In later years, Stoker acted as his secretary). He was passionately fond of the poetry of Walt Whitman, and this greatly encouraged him to take up a literary career. He rapidly became the editor of an evening paper, a drama critic, and a noted essayist. At the time of the writing of *Dracula* he



already had published eight books, including *Under the Sunset*, a collection of fantastic stories for children, the only indication of the horror he was about to unleash.

Having found a basis for his story (courtesy of Arminius Vambery), he began work on the novel with an enthusiasm that was quite unusual for him. Indeed, he was like a man possessed. This man of imposing build, with a bushy red beard, had been nicknamed "the gentle giant," but a different person emerged during the writing of *Dracula*. The family for whom he had shown such deep affection now ran in fear at the sound of his ill-tempered approach. It was the only time this was to be. Upon the book's completion, he reverted to his former kindly self. Even he could not explain his temporary derangement, except to say that he had felt strange emotions as the story unfolded beneath his pen. It is certainly true that he went to great pains to render the book authen-

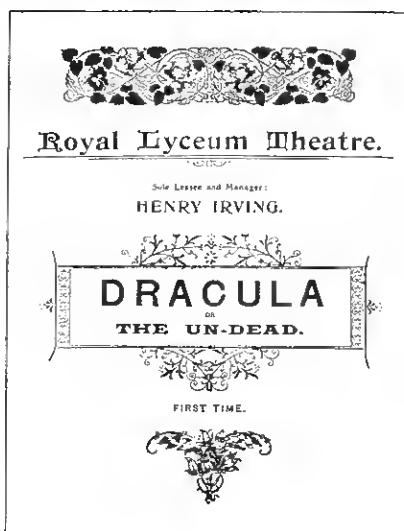


Christopher Lee, as Count Dracula, upon Lucy Harker (Carol Marsh) A scene from **HORROR OF DRACULA**.

tic, and into its writing went many long hours of patient research.

The way much of the book was set out, in the form of diaries and letters, shows the influence of Wilkie Collins (who wrote *The Moonstone*, one of the first detective stories), of whom Stoker was an ardent admirer. His method of introducing the lore of the vampire to his readers through Dr. Seward's phonograph recordings was an original device, which was later to serve the same purpose in Hammer Films' *Horror of Dracula*. The trust placed in Dr. Van Helsing reflects Stoker's own faith in Science, but the good Doctor's use of the weapons of superstition in his combat with Dracula was the author's way of saying that there are some things which Science cannot explain.

The book completed, he dedicated it "to Hommy-beg" a pseudonym of the popular contemporary writer Hall Caine—and submitted it for publication. The first edition appeared in May 1897, published by Constable. Later in the same month was presented the first theatrical adaptation, at the Royal Lyceum, London (a theater managed by Henry Irving). This was more a formality, to insure the safety of the copyright, rather than a serious attempt to dramatize the novel.

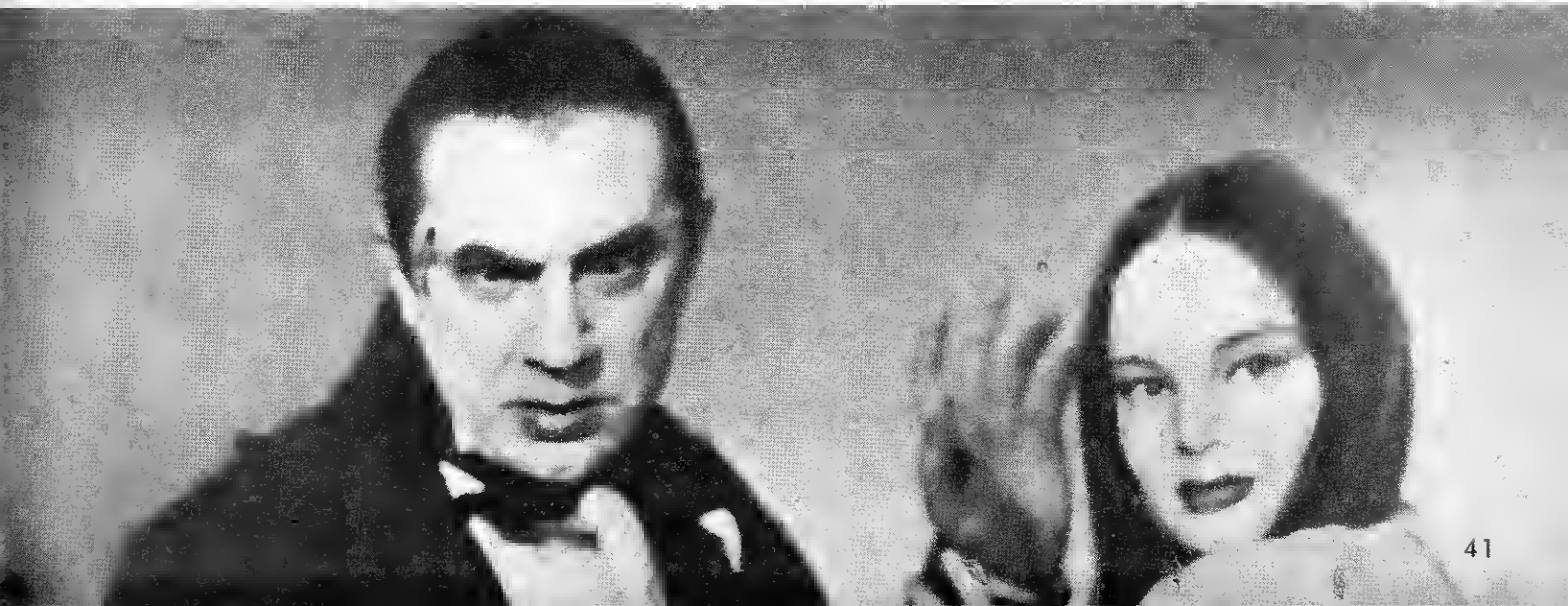


The program from the very first stage production of *Dracula*: May 18, 1897 (above). Bela Lugosi and Carol Borland (below), as they appeared in **MARK OF THE VAMPIRE**.

The book received some favorable reviews, but was not an immediate success. Stoker continued to write, but now with a preference for fantasy and the weird. Among the novels he produced in this vein are *The Jewel of the Seven Stars*, *The Lair of the White Worm*, and the famous short story collection, *Dracula's Guest*, which contains the classic *The Squaw*. The title story of the last work is said to be a missing chapter from *Dracula*.

After a serious illness, lasting six years, Stoker died in April of 1912. In life he had been kind and gentle, the self-proclaimed champion of delicate womanhood. Not the least of the curious tales about him is his alleged appearance at the meetings of a secret pagan magical society called The Order of the Golden Dawn (to which the fantasy writer Arthur Machen and the poet William Butler Yeats also belonged, as well as the notorious "black magician," Aleister Crowley). Perhaps it was here that he obtained his taste for the supernatural.

Ironically Stoker, like so many other artists, died without knowing that one day his best work would be world famous. The name *Dracula* inspires dread in all civilized (and many uncivilized) parts of the world; the name of Stoker is all too easily forgotten.





Above is Lon in one of his numerous cowboy parts: 1932's **THE LAST FRONTIER**. Below, he is shown as he looked in of **MICE AND MEN**. Next to him is Burgess Meredith, the film's star.



Continued from Page 8

At the age of 16, Creighton was attending Hollywood High (along with Fay Wray and Joel McCrea). His biggest ambition then was to play on the school football team. When he was turned down—he stood six feet tall, but only weighed 125 pounds—he began looking around for some other after-school activity. Many of the other students were working as extras at the nearby movie studios on Saturdays. The whole school, in fact, was movie-conscious. Suddenly, Creighton realized that all his life he had wanted to act, without really being aware of it. He brought the subject up with his father.

The elder Chaney refused. Not only that, he transferred his son from Hollywood High to a business college. Creighton was disappointed, but not embittered. He harbored a deep, healthy respect for his father. Besides, as he explains today, his father always admired business men, possibly because he wasn't one himself. "His ideal of someone to look up to was the head teller of a bank. He wanted me to become someone like that. So I went to business college, graduated, and got a job with General Water Heater Corporation."

"Dad never seemed a star or actor to me. He had a curious suspicion of his new-found success. He always doubted it, always feared it would end. He kept up his membership in the stagehands' union to his dying day, just in case.

"He was so unassuming that when he died, I suddenly realized I didn't have a single picture of him, didn't own a single clipping of him or his work. He wouldn't have publicity stuff around the house. Somehow, he always feared it."

Thus it was that Creighton Chaney had to wait until two years after his father's death before he began, hesitantly, to follow in his footsteps. He began with a bit part in the 1932 version of *Bird of Paradise*. Then he was offered the leading role in a serial, *The Last Frontier*. As the hero, a masked, black-clad figure patterned after Zorro, Chaney was expected to do his own riding, fighting, and stuntwork. "I'd never really ridden a horse—not to barge out and jump on one and ride like the devil. And, the first thing they had me do was to get twenty feet up in a tree and leap on the villain as he galloped by beneath me."

Somehow, Creighton managed to perform his assignment. He was not replaced with a more experienced star, but allowed to finish the picture. In addition to his dual identity as hero and mystery man, he also appeared briefly as an Indian. "We did a hundred scenes a day," says Chaney. But at least it was a start.

Creighton Chaney worked hard at RKO. He hoped even harder. Perhaps some top producer would notice him, would realize he had greater potentialities, that he was not cut out to go on playing in Westerns. But, as the cowboy parts kept on coming, he decided to appeal directly to the studio heads. To satisfy him, he was given a role in *Virgie Winters*, a contemporary story. But all he got out of the part was a little personal satisfaction, for the pattern continued, unbroken. *Virgie* was only a pause between horse operas.



Chaney in his only attempt at playing a vampire: In 1943's *SON OF DRACULA*. More on this his and other Universal films in our next issue.

After a year and a half on the RKO studio range, a saddle-sore Chaney left the celluloid corral. He was determined to break out of the Western mold. But already, this early in his career, he was a victim of the Hollywood bugaboo: type-casting. Producers had only seen him in cowboy parts, if at all. He wasn't a star; why should he expect any special treatment? The major studios were polite, but uninterested.

Doggedly, Chaney continued making the rounds, receiving refusal after refusal. By leaving RKO, he had burned his bridges behind him. His cash reserves were running low. By this time, he was ready to take almost any part. And, finally, an offer did come—from a producer of Westerns.

But, at this stage, Creighton couldn't afford to be finicky. He swallowed his pride and took the part. His life from this point on became a succession of ups and downs. He would make a picture or two, perhaps get a short-term contract with some producer of cheap quickies; then he would be "between pictures"—out of work.

The parts were always the same: "B" and "C" Westerns, calling more for athletic skill than acting ability. "I was in a new picture practically every two weeks, always as a 'heavy'. I'll swear I spoke the lines: 'So you won't talk, eh?' at least fifty times, and I'd rather not think about how often I had to say: 'Don't shoot him now—I have a better plan . . .'" But even if he had given the performance of his life, Hollywood wouldn't have seen it. Westerns aren't shown on Sunset Boulevard.

"Now I know what Dad meant when he said: 'I've taken the bumps,'" reflected Chaney. "Well . . . I've taken

them. I did every possible tough bit in pictures. I had to do stuntwork to live. I've bulldogged steers, fallen off and gotten knocked off cliffs, ridden horses into rivers, driven prairie schooners up and down hills—everything."

Chaney didn't kid himself; he didn't feel he was destined for great things, or that he was a potential acting genius. But he refused to believe that all he could do were Westerns. He'd never had any real dramatic training? True enough, but easily remedied. He enrolled in an evening dramatics class, using an assumed name. For a time, an observer would have witnessed the odd sight of this experienced film actor wiping off the greasepaint and leaving the set every day, to hurry to the classroom and study—acting!

The incongruity of the situation soon became apparent to the teacher. After several sessions, he took Chaney aside. "You know as much about all this as I do," he told him, and gave him half the class to teach.

Chaney went to a famous dramatic coach, but after one interview, he was told: "I have nothing to teach you." Despite this, Chaney failed to get his long-awaited break. "I never got anywhere. I just marked time, for years. Only one thing buoyed me up: the gambler's hope that next time I'd draw three aces."

In the meantime, his first marriage had ended in divorce, and he had been compelled to turn over to his first wife the small inheritance he'd gotten from his father. It was then that he really learned what hunger was. Once, he starved for four days. "People who might have helped me, didn't," he remembered later. Then he beamed. "I found three

real friends in this town: Wally (Wallace) Ford, Lewis Milestone, and—that little lady over there." He motioned to the pretty girl who had become his second wife, Patsy. They were married in Colton, California, in October, 1937.

It was at this time that he finally took the step he'd so long avoided. He changed his name to Lon Chaney, Jr. "Why? They starved me into it. After that, I had a chance, at least." The magic name of Lon Chaney would at least get him past the studio gates, he figured. And correctly, as it turned out. Towards the close of '37, 20th Century Fox signed him to a contract . . . as Lon Chaney, Jr.

Optimistically, he thought that this would mark a turning point in his career. It didn't. He'd been promised a variety of character parts. Instead, he was given tiny "bits". He became only a part of the scenery, on the screen briefly, if he wasn't left entirely on the cutting room floor. In some ways, this was harder to take than going hungry had been.

In 1938, he was playing a bearded outlaw in *Jesse James*, which was being filmed on location in the Ozarks. While shooting a scene on horseback, he took a bad tumble, and the horse behind galloped over him. Luckily, his injuries were minor, and he was able to finish the picture.

In January, 1939, his contract with Fox ran out, and was not renewed. Two months later, his money was gone. What now?

He heard that RKO was planning a remake of his father's classic film, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. No actor had yet been signed for the leading role, and Chaney thought he had his opportunity. He was tested, but turned down; the

part was given to Charles Laughton. Interviewed by the press, he said he wasn't sorry—but this was later, after he'd gotten another part. It was this part which was to finally bring him the fame he'd long been denied, and, in a totally different type of characterization, establish him at last as a serious actor. The role? That of Lennie, in the film, *Of Mice and Men*.

The process which led to his landing it began when Lon and Mrs. Chaney, short of cash, had gone hungry for twenty-four hours. Suddenly, his agent appeared. He had gotten Chaney a chance to test for a part in a stage show. It was the West Coast company of the play, *Of Mice and Men*, based on John Steinbeck's famous novel, which had been a success on Broadway. For the Los Angeles production, five members of the New York cast were to appear; but Broderick Crawford, the original "Lennie," had left the show. The result was that a replacement was being sought.

"I can never be grateful enough to Brod Crawford," Chaney says. He went to the El Capitan theater, where producer (and former film actor) Wallace Ford was holding tests. He had never read the hook nor, of course, seen the original play. He had only the faintest idea of the part. "I was pretty bad the first time I read the lines. The only way I got the part was through the kindness of Wallace Ford. He was willing to give me a chance; you can't explain it any other way."

Now came the task of rehearsing. Chaney was up at six every morning, learning his lines. Then, at two in the afternoon, he went to the theater for regular rehearsals. This went on for three weeks. At the end of that time, he knew the role.

Now came opening night. Chaney admits that he was scared stiff. After all, this was his debut on the legitimate stage: quite different from acting in movies. An item in the local paper didn't help matters any. "His father was a great actor," it read. "Now we'll see what he can do." The inevitable comparison, which he had so long avoided by not using his father's name, had finally come.



A scene from *ONE MILLION B.C.*, made in 1940. Chaney was featured along with Victor Mature and Carole Landis.

But Lon's inner fears didn't show through his calm exterior. "Self-consciousness is one thing hard knocks teach you to squelch." He went on and gave a fully professional performance, and the play became a hit.

Now, at last, the movie moguls *must* acknowledge his acting ability, he thought. Not only that, but there was word of a film version of the play. Would director Lewis Milestone see him in the part? Chaney had hopes that he would.

But Milestone had seen the original Broadway production, not the Los Angeles one. "I had made up my mind who should play all the featured roles, Lennie included," he said later. "Everyone in town knew that. Then one day into my office came this great big fellow, with the open face, asking me: 'Can't I have a test?' But things aren't done that way in Hollywood. Agents usually come around asking for tests for their clients; never actors. I was so amazed, I said yes."

"The next day, I was testing a girl for the part of Mae. I had to have someone to read Lennie's lines with her. So I asked Lon if he would. I told him he would get a separate test later. He agreed. In fact, he read Lennie's lines for *all* my tests of the other roles. When it came time to test him, I didn't have to. I couldn't see anybody else in the part."

Thus, Lon Chaney's son finally came into his own, and film history was made. Lon was interviewed, and expressed his relief at not getting the role of the Hunchback. "I'm not sorry now; it's asking a lot to expect me to try to come up to my father's performance. I saw a revival of the film just a few weeks ago, and it made me realize more than ever how good he was and what a tough time anybody will have in the part. Anything I might have done would have been a carbon copy."

In fact, Lon, Jr. was never to play Quasimodo except briefly on television. In all his subsequent horror roles, it is notable that he never tried to duplicate any of his father's performances.

Now, Chaney would get a chance to carve his own cinematic niche, in the role of Lennie. Shooting began in the fall of '39, for United Artists. Chaney's

hair was dyed a brick-red, and he wore special shoes to add six inches to his height. He is really only six feet tall, but 'from that film on, people thought I was much taller.' The special shoes made it torture to run, as he had to do in many scenes. (Of course, his father had suffered a great deal more, in some of his own grotesque makeups.)

When he finished his big scene, something very unusual happened: the electricians and the rest of the crew broke into applause. It is a rare event when these hardened veterans applaud an actor. One still photographer, who had photographed the elder Chaney in most of his films, commented on the resemblance. "Like father, like son," he said, adding, "whether he likes it or not."

The public and critics echoed this acclaim, not only for Chaney, naturally,



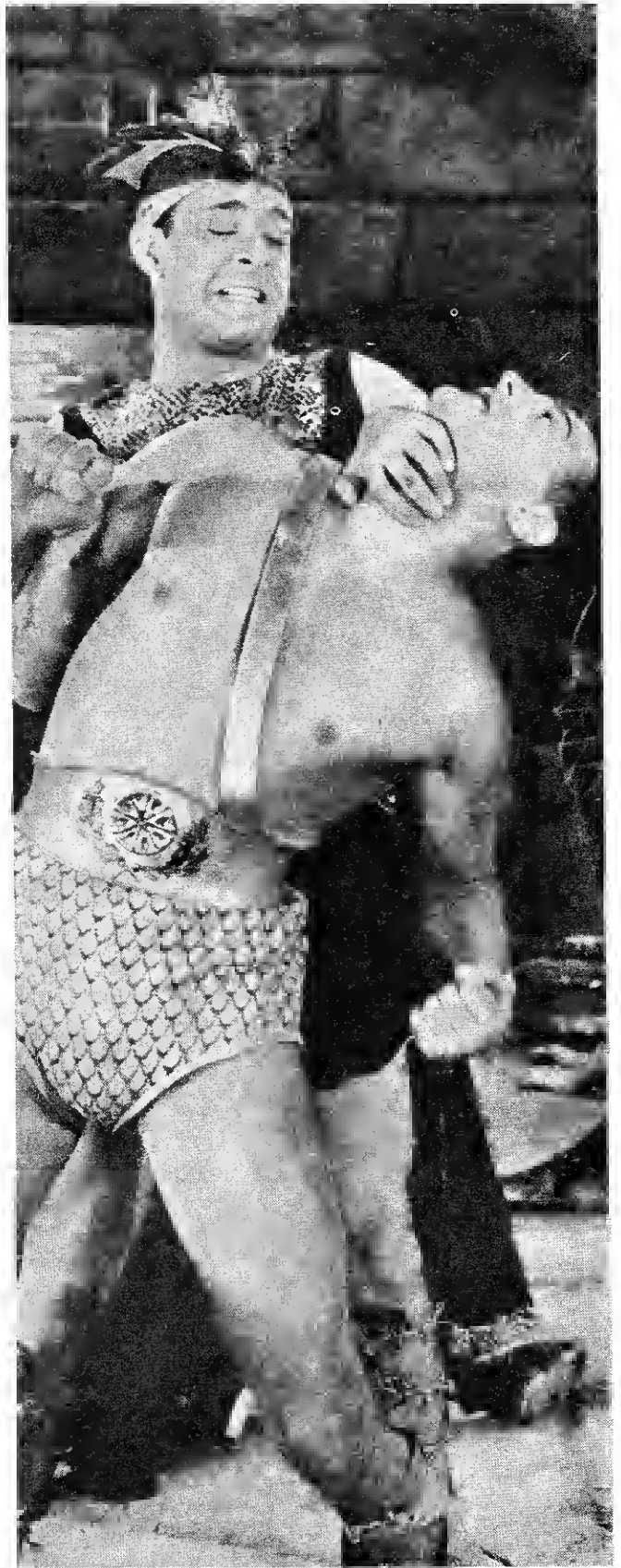
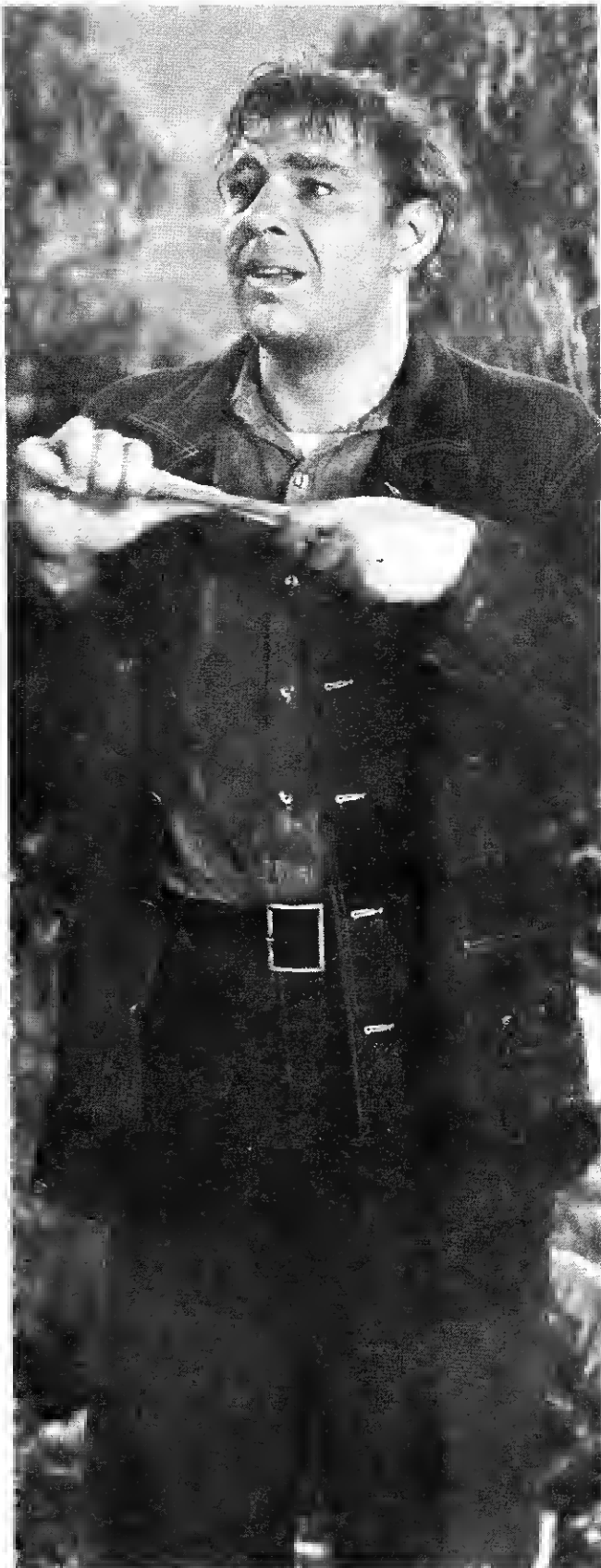
but for the entire film; Milestone's direction, Aaron Copland's score, the acting of Burgess Meredith and Betty Field. Now began the press interviews, the acclaim. Lon had gone from obscurity to fame—but not overnight.

But even before *Of Mice and Men* was released, producer Hal Roach had signed him for his next picture: *One Million B.C.*, to be made for the same studio.

Said Lon: "Lennie was a wonderful help to my career, because he gave me a chance to show I wasn't just another of those boys who ride along on a famous father's name . . . a fellow's not smart to be a second-string halfback at the same college where his father made All-American. Even if he makes the varsity, too much is expected of him. He ought to go to a different school. That's what I did."

On a trip East, he had flown over Oklahoma City, his birthplace. I looked down and saw it for the first time since that dousing I got the day I was born. I thought of all the things that happened since. Sure, I crossed up my Dad's wishes. But somehow, I think he'd be happy now. Maybe I can get the name of Chaney hack up in theater lights across America again."

Next issue: Part 3 of Chaney's life story; his debut in horror films, and the years at Universal.



At the left, another scene from **OF MICE AND MEN**. At the right he is shown in one of his least-known fantasy roles. Captain Hacker, head of the royal guard of Atlantis, in **UNDERSEA KINGDOM**. This was a science fiction serial in 12 chapters, made by Republic in 1936. Chaney played the villain's chief henchman, a supporting role. He is shown here struggling with Ray (crash) Carrigan, the serial's hero.



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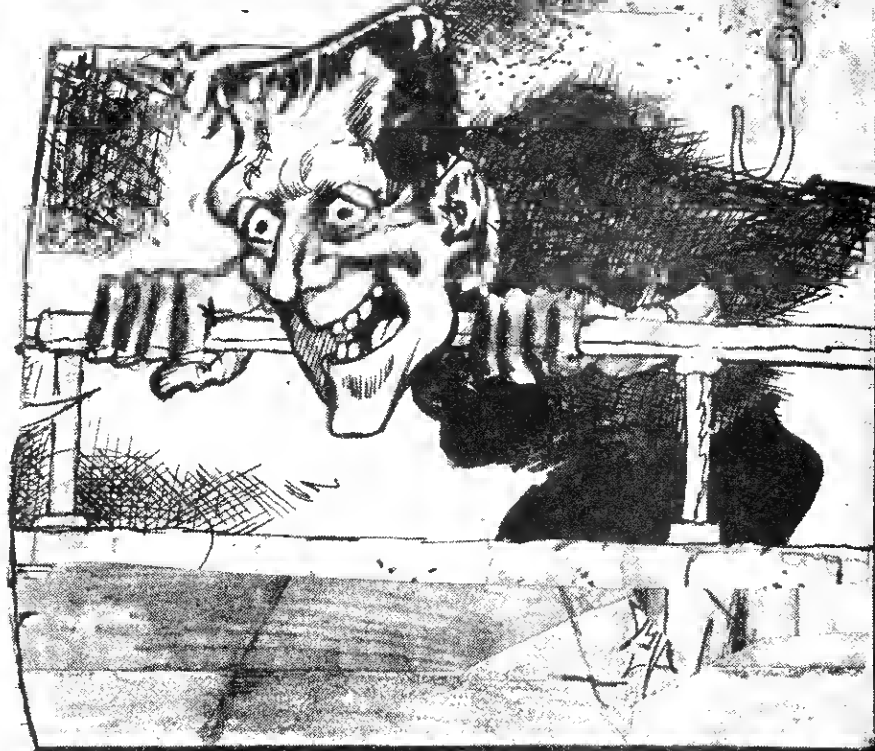
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LEGEND of the MUMMY





Ed Parker in **ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET THE MUMMY** (1955)



Lon Chaney, Jr. being made up as **The Mummy** for his appearance on CBS-TV's **"ROUTE 66."**

Hidden within the base of the statue of the Egyptian goddess of life rested a sacred scroll. The mere reading of the words upon this scroll sufficed to return the soul to a dead body, so great was its power. Twice, the sacred scroll was removed from its hiding place; both times by princes seeking to restore life to the women they loved.

PRINCE KHARIS was found beside the sarcophagus of the lovely PRINCESS ANANKA as he was about to read the words which would restore her to life. For his terrible blasphemy, the priests of Egypt punished him, condemning him to a living death as guardian of the princess' tomb. He was buried alive and all witnesses to the act were killed, so that none might know the secret. Only the high priest possessed knowledge of the burial site, and access to it through hidden passageways. It was his duty to remove the leaves of the Tanna plant—the sacred Plant of



Karloff in **THE MUMMY** ('32)

Life—from their hiding place in the base of the statue, and use them to preserve the life-in-death state of Kharis, the tomb's guardian. The task was passed down from priest to priest, continuing up to the present.

After Kharis' death, another prince attempted to read the inscription on the scroll before the body of HIS loved one. He was PRINCE IM-HO-TEP. But he too was detected before he could succeed, and his own father, the reigning pharaoh, condemned him also to a living burial. Again the witnesses were killed, and all traces of the prince's existence removed. Not even the half-life of Kharis was granted him and the scroll of Isis was buried with him, so that never again could its power be used.

But Im-Ho-Tep's mummy was uncovered by archaeologists in 1921, and the deciphering of the scroll restored his soul to the body of the mummy. The sight of this hideous creature drove the reader of the scroll into gibbering madness, and Im-Ho-Tep escaped into the night, clutching the sacred scroll.

Years later, outwardly normal but with hints of great age and weird powers about him, Im-Ho-Tep reappeared, having assumed the name of ARDATH BEY. He offered to assist in the uncovering of the tomb wherein his loved one reposed, and was accepted. When the sarcophagus was recovered, he read the scroll before it, but the soul returned to a LIVING body instead of the one it had formerly possessed. It was that of HELEN GROSVENOR, a reincarnation of PRINCESS ANCK-ES-EN-AMON, whom the mummy had loved during his life-time in ancient Egypt.

Learning of this, Im-Ho-Tep kidnapped Helen, and used his power to restore the memory of her past life. He was about to place her in the same undead state as himself when the Goddess Isis intervened, moved by the prayers of Anck-Es-En-Amon. In response, the goddess destroyed the scroll and blasted the semi-living shell of the mummy, sending him to a final death.

But Kharis still lived. Dutifully, he watched over the tomb of Ananka. When this tomb was discovered, ANDOHEB, the current high priest, fulfilled his ancient vow, and reanimated Kharis to destroy those who had entered it. A serum, made from three Tanna leaves, had kept Kharis in a semi-living state. Now, the juice of the nine such leaves gave him the power of movement. One by one, the members of the expedition to Ananka's tomb fell victim to his terrible strength, until, engulfed in flames, he seemingly expired, and the surviving members returned to America.

—Larry Ivie



Chaney as the Mummy again, this time in the MEXICAN HOUSE OF TERROR. Below is Tom Tyler in THE MUMMY'S HAND ('40).



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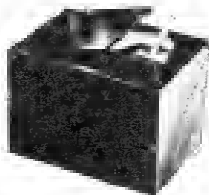
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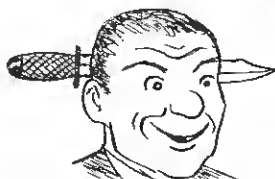
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Harmless, terrible looking mystery. The Bar of this giant safety pin appears to pass right through your nose. Of course it doesn't, even though Igor and the good Count Dracula wish it were so. 65¢ plus 10¢ for postage and handling.



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9

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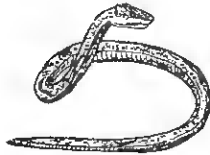


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17



THE
**WONDERFUL
 WORLD** OF
**GEORGE
 PAL**



THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE BROTHERS GRIMM. A brilliant production in Technicolor and Cinerama, it reveals some of the amazing possibilities of the movie medium and the astonishing Cinerama process for telling stories of the fantastic.

Henry Levin (who did JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH) directed the real-life sequences, which tell the true story of the men behind the fairy tales: Jacob (Karl Boehm) and Wilhelm (Laurence Harvey) Grimm. Jacob is the more practical of the two, while Wilhelm spends half his time in the dreamworld of his own stories. After many difficulties, principally provided by the Duke (Oscar Homolka) whose family history they are writing, the Brothers Grimm finally arrive at fame

**The varpal blade
 Goes snickett-snackett;
 The dragon's draggin' . . .
 Will Buddy Hackett?**



Tony Randall as Dr. Loo, one of the many guises he assumes in this George Pol production.



John Ericson, in the guise of Pan, confronts Borbora Eden. Another scene from THE SEVEN FACES OF DR. LAO. Below is an illustration from the English edition of the book, drawn by Gordon Noel Fish. It was published in 1948 by Grey Walls Press.

and fortune with their tales for the young (of all ages). Along the way, they also pass through some lovely Cinerama vistas of the Bavarian countryside, and through the arms of lovely Claire Bloom and Barbara Eden, who handle the romance department.

George Pal himself has directed the fantasy portions, which feature such delights as Buddy Hackett and Terry-Thomas chasing (and being chased by) a very large Cinerama-type dragon; Russ Tamblyn hiding in a cloak of invisibility to pursue a sleepwalking Yvette Mimieux to a mysterious Gypsy camp; and George Pal's Puppets (which you saw in TOM THUMB) as a set of oddball elves. There is an old witch also, as well as a giant and other fantastic creations.



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BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

A fanatical pair of mad scientists create a bride for the weirdest monster ever known. See her brought to life in a chilling climax!



THE CREATURE FROM THE LAGOON

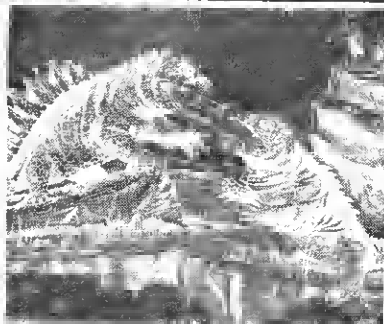
In the steaming Amazon jungle a living creature from 150 million years ago threatens a party of archeologists. See the furious spear-gun battle to capture it in the forbidding depths of the Black Lagoon.



A space ship falters in flight and spins to earth with its mysterious "visitors." A resourceful scientist battles against time to send this unearthly phenomenon back to space.

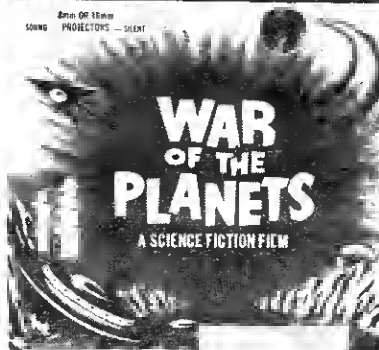


Dracula, the Wolf Man, and even the Invisible Man join forces in this comedy "shocker!" Watch the daffy chain-reaction of fun as somebody dreams up the idea of using Costello's "brain" for the monster.



ONE MILLION B.C.

A horrified woman, fleeing the chaos of an erupting volcano, seeks safety in a mountainside cave. An enraged dinosaur blocks their exit! Cave men, armed only with spears, nearly sacrifice themselves to divert his attention.



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- Enclosed is \$3.98 for CREATURE FROM LAGOON
- Enclosed is \$3.98 for IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE
- Enclosed is \$3.98 for A. & C. MEET FRANKENSTEIN
- Enclosed is \$3.98 for ONE MILLION B.C.
- Enclosed is \$3.98 for WAR OF THE PLANETS

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"We used to hear cracks in Japan on New York subways being creepy at certain hours...but- this is ridiculous!" (Or so does hero seem to say to heroine in a scene from the 1957 Toho production, RODAN.)

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DRACULA Stalking relentlessly through the thick London fog in pursuit of his fair victim is the most fiendish and feared vampire of all time! Close your windows and hang out the garlic leaves—Count Dracula is on the loose!



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MEETS THE
WOLFMAN**

If eerie, spine-tingling, nerve-chilling tales of the supernatural are your cup of tea, then the feared clash between Frankenstein and the Wolfman is definitely up your alley.

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THE MUMMY
—with
Boris Karloff

A chilling story of reincarnation that spans 3,700 years in the telling. Pulse-pounding suspense revolves around the legendary Scroll of Thoth and its gift of eternal life, as Karloff enacts one of his most famous roles.

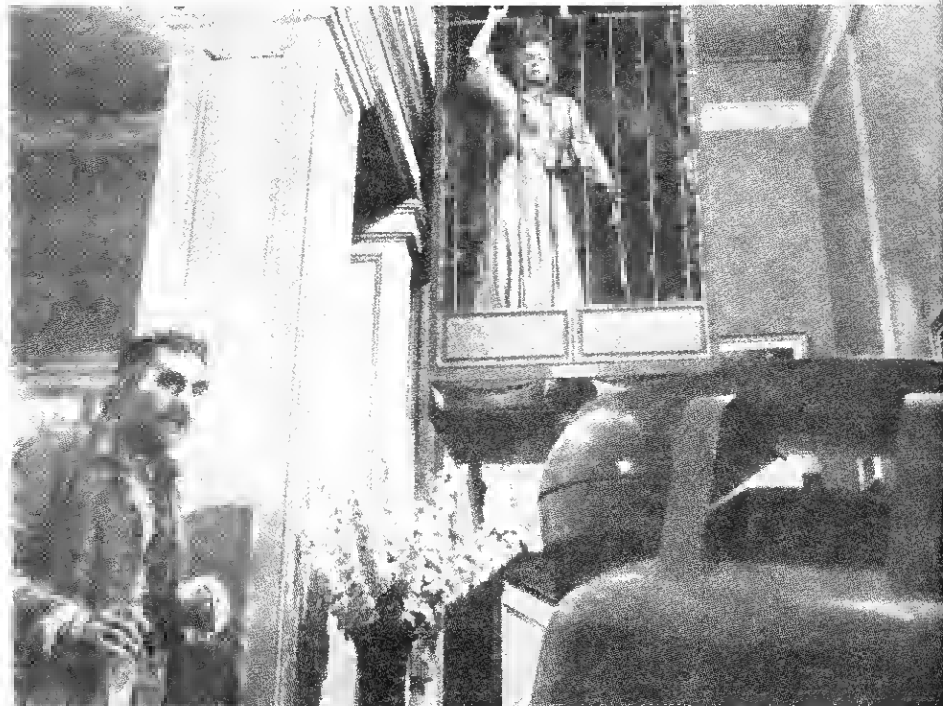


by NICHOLAS MORGAN

In production for Columbia in London will be two Harry Saltzman spinetings: THE IPRESS FILE, and HORSE UNDER WATER . . . The musical score for Robert Rossen's LILITH is written and conducted by Kenyon Hopkins . . . Schenk-Zabel's ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS has been announced for release sometime this year . . . Among short subjects competing for the Oscar in 1964 will be Robert Enrico's LA RIVIERE du HIBOU (based on Bierce's "An Occurrence At Owl Creek Bridge") . . . Irwin Allen will produce and direct DR. OX, a Jules Verne novel, as a co-production with 20th-Fox . . . Herts-Lion will release the following in '64, possibly in tandem as double-bill shockers. THE TELEGIANS, DUNGEONS OF HORROR, LUST OF THE VAMPIRE, THE UNKNOWN WORLD. Three Jean Cocteau fantasies are now being reissued with subtitles: ORPHEUS, BEAUTY & THE BEAST, and THE TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS.



Alfred Hitchcock (above) cooks up something new for moviegoers. Wonder what he has on tap? Below, Oliva De Havilland stars in LADY IN A CAGE, a unique suspense drama. Trapped in an elevator in her own home, she watches helplessly as the house is broken into by an array of shady characters.



Lady In A Cage



Joan Crawford in a bizarre scene from STRAITJACKET

It is now definite that the CBS-TV network, in a long-range agreement with Sy Weintraub, plans a future full-hour series based on Burroughs' TARZAN stories; meanwhile CBS has acquired a total of 26 TARZAN movies that have been made during the past 30 years — a number of them have already been seen on various TV stations . . . The British BILLY LIAR has just been released in the New York area. It's about a colossal liar and irresponsible dreamer who, after being a flop in the real world, retreats into a fantasy world in which he becomes a succession of colorful and daring men of action . . . sounds a lot like Thurber's "Walter Mitty" . . . With Tippi Hedren will be Diane Baker in a leading role in Alfred Hitchcock's MARNIE, a Universal release . . . Signs of progress: American - International's heads, Jim Nicholson and Milt Moritz, started setting up publicity offices in Europe recently . . . Amid a bunch of shorts, cartoons, offbeat movie material and several serials to be released by Columbia will be CAPTAIN VIDEO.

We'd Rather Not Believe It Dept.:

THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES WHO STOPPED LIVING & BECAME MIXED UP ZOMBIES is **actually** the title of something Fairway-International says it will release this year! They'll also release THE SADIST . . . Which is about as good a time as any to wonder why that after waves of **Psycho, Homicidal, Maniac, Straitjacket** (and assorted imitations), they still haven't come up with **Shack Therapy, Labatamy, and Psychiatrist?**

Baby Jane's producer-director, Bob Aldrich, has gotten hold of B.J. author Henry Farrell, to write a screenplay for the first film in a new company he's recently formed. Film title will be either CROSS OF IRON, or WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO COUSIN CHARLOTTE? . . . Disney's FANTASIA is breaking all kinds of box office records in its current re-release; easily one of the greatest films ever made, it will soon be approaching

the quarter-century mark! It was made in 1940 . . . Julie Andrews, the original Liza Doolittle of "My Fair Lady," will be making her film debut this year in Disney's MARY POPPINS, a musical fantasy in Technicolor . . . The Mirisch Corp. is investing huge amounts of money in a number of films early and late this year: THE SATIN BUG has been announced, along with THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, a Billy Wilder production starring Peter O'Toole and Peter Sellers . . . Reade-Sterling has acquired distribution rights to OMICRON, story of a man whose body is "requisitioned" by a visitor from Mars. Italian made, it was well received at the Venice Film Festival last year.

And the Big News we've all been waiting for: Hommer Films will probably be busier than ever at the art of fantasy-horror. In production and scheduled for the Hammer cameras: DEVIL-SHIP PIRATES (o'la **Night Creatures**); NIGHTMARE; THE EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN; THE GORGON; CURSE OF THE MUMMY'S TOMB; HYSTERIA; BRAINSTORM; Haggard's SHE; THE ZOMBIE; THE REPTILES; QUATERMASS & THE PIT.

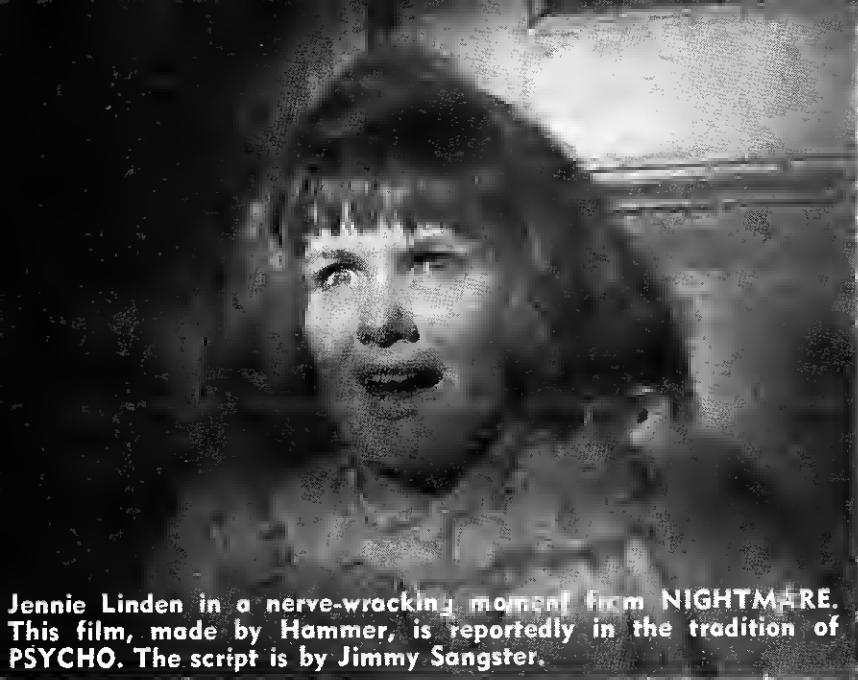


A macabre scene from TERRIFIED. At the right, Burt Lancaster is an Air Force General in SEVEN DAYS IN MAY, which concerns a plot by a group of the military to precipitate World War III.



Burt Lancaster

Seven Days In May



Jennie Linden in a nerve-wracking moment from NIGHTMARE. This film, made by Hammer, is reportedly in the tradition of PSYCHO. The script is by Jimmy Sangster.



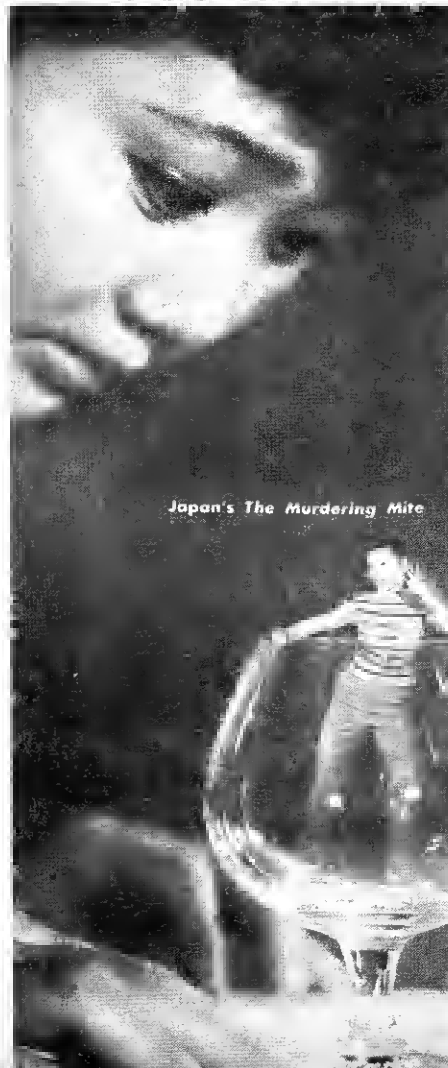
The unique imagination of Roy Bradbury will play a strong role in the New York World's Fair. Roy has written the script for Cinerama's "American Journey" exhibition for the Government to be shown in the United States Pavilion. The entire Cinerama project will be seen by some 2500 people at a time, and will run an hour, depicting the Americana of yesterday, today and of tomorrow. A number of other experimental camera techniques and new devices will be utilized in the filming of Ray's script. Budget cost for the creation and operation of the special theatre area alone will exceed two-and-a-half million dollars.



Sean Connery, portraying Ian Fleming's famous James Bond, is shown at left. Above, a cartoon by Hirschfeld, depicting a scene from DR. NO, the first Bond film. The second, FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE, is due shortly. It involves him with an international crime syndicate called Spectre. Pedro Armendoziz (of CAPTAIN SINDBAD) and Latte Lenya co-star.

Of constant interest to many film society fans in the N.Y.-N.J. area: The Essex Film Club, 263 Harrison St., Nutley, N.J.; Huff Memorial Film Society, c/o Wm. K. Everson, Schwab House, 11 Riverside Dr., New York 23, N. Y. Further information on their programs etc. is available by dropping them a line.

While the big news from overseas is from Hammer, bidding hard on our side to fascinate fantasy-horror fans will be American-International's output. Scheduled between now and the end of the year: THE COMEDY OF TERRORS, starring Price, Lorre, Karloff and Rathbone; PIT & THE PENDULUM, with Price and Barbara Steele; THE HOUSE OF USHER, Price; BLACK SABBATH, Boris Karloff; INCUBUS, Leticia Roman and John Saxton; THE TIME TRAVELERS; THE UN-EARTHLY STRANGER; IT'S ALIVE, Peter Lorre, Elsa Lanchester; MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH, Price, Rathbone; MOON TRAP; THE DUNWICH HORROR, Tab Hunter; PREMATURE BURIAL, Roy Milland; TALES OF TERROR, Price, Rathbone, Lorre; THE GRAVESIDE STORY, Price, Lorre, Karloff, Rathbone; WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES; COLOR OUT OF SPACE; CITY IN THE SEA; GENGHIS KHAN. A few re-releases are part of double-bill packages.



Japan's The Murdering Mite

Our British Correspondent, Mike Parry, informs us that when Karloff was offered his old role in the Castle remake of *Old Dark House*, he took one look at the script and refused the part . . . LA POUPEE (Or, He, She Or It) is a very offbeat French surrealist comedy, directed by Jacques Baratier, starring Sonne Teal who doubles as heroine and her scientifically created doll-double. Cybuski (of *Ashes & Diamonds*) is in the cast as a mad dictator . . . Some tentative titles (always subject to last minute titling changes) also from France: Roger Vadim of *Blood & Roses* fame has produced SATAN LEADS THE DANCE. Director Claude Chabrol finished THE EVIL EYE last fall. Chabrol describes it as a psychological film utilizing elements of hallucination and expressionism.

And from other parts of the world: Spain—THE DEMON DOCTOR; HAND OF A DEAD MAN; THE DEAD DON'T FORGIVE; India: CHAR DARVESH; Italy: THE DEVIL, SONS OF THUNDER; THE DEMON (not to mention the usual tidal wave of various Italian spectacles either dealing with Hercules, Maciste, Samson or someone with many muscles); Germany: a series of SHERLOCK HOLMES films being planned by CCC Films, starring Chris Lee. Hammer's Terence Fisher will direct . . . Fritz Lang plays a part in GHOST AT NOON; he will also direct a film again in Germany.

More news and further details next issue.

Sterling Hayden is in DR. STRANGE-LOVE (Or: How I Learned To Stop Worrying & Love The Bomb). The part he plays is that of General Jack D. Ripper, believe it or not! . . . After a generation on radio, veteran d.j. Art Ford resigned from his duties and began his first lap on a horror documentary which he has entitled, HISTORY OF HORROR.

LAST MINUTE NEWS:
 (In this specially reserved space we are able to bring you last minute movie news made available the day we go to press.).....**FIRST MEN IN THE MOON**--from the H. G. Wells story--has finished principal photography in England, but Dynamation special effects will require ten months work before release..... German director Bernhard Wicki has finished shooting **THE VISIT**, Fredrich Duerrenmatt's macabre play about a rich woman who tries to bribe a town into killing a man who once spurned her. Stars Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn and Irena Demich..... Joe Mugnaini, illustrator of the Ray Bradbury fantasy collections, is now handling illustrations at the Disney studios for a 30 min. animated film explaining the concept of the Hollywood Museum. Mugnaini is also dean of drawing at the Otis Art Institute, and it may be recalled that last year he and Bradbury received an Oscar nomination for **ICARUS MONTGOLFIER WRIGHT**--a short film poem extolling the joy of pioneer space flight... Shortly after Christmas George Pal took off for the South Pacific to scout locations for his new science fiction pic, **PROJECT 13**. Work has begun on Pal's filmization of Philip Wylie's **DISAPPEARANCE**--a thought-provoking parallel universe tale: men find all women have vanished and simultaneously women experience the same fate. Barbara Eden (of Pal's **DR. LAO**) also stars in this one..... Embassy is handling world-wide distribution on **THE APE WOMAN**--



Japanese film **THE FINAL WAR**.



A backstage scene from the British TV version of **QUARTERMASS AND THE PIT**, third in the series, soon to be filmed by Hammer

an Italian-made comedy-drama about a promoter (Ugo Tognazzi) who discovers a girl (Annie Girardot) covered with hair from head to toe.

.....Also in **MARNIE**: Sean Connery.

.....The Research and Development Division of Technicolor has won the bid to take the first on-location photography on the surface of the moon.

A scene from Hammer's **THESE ARE THE DAMNED**, Oliver Reed is at the right.





Beverlee Galli, (right), throttles Audrey Van Deren. A scene from the Grand Guignol-esque comedy-horror play, **WAY DOWN IN THE PAW-PAW PATCH.**



Something Beas-n Carrall has eaten appears to disagree with him. Spera Pastas is an interested spectator.

Way Down In The Paw-Paw Patch

Ever on the lookout for bits of macabre and horror, CaF's editorial staff ventures forth from its Gothic Castle to track down the offbeat, the unusual and the interesting for readers and posterity. Acting on a tip handed in to CaF by a friendly creature (af the special Jersey variety, of course), the editors discovered bloody horrors galore right in their own back-yard, in a manner of speaking!

Dane in the finest tradition of Paris' late lamented Grand Guignol, **Way Down At the Paw-Paw Patch** was recently premiered at the Theatre Shack in North Arlington, N. J. Aside from one of the most enjoyable evenings at the theatre that CaF's editors ever spent, this is the stuff that certainly would make **PSYCHO**, and certainly **STRAITJACKET** appear mild or dull by contrast.

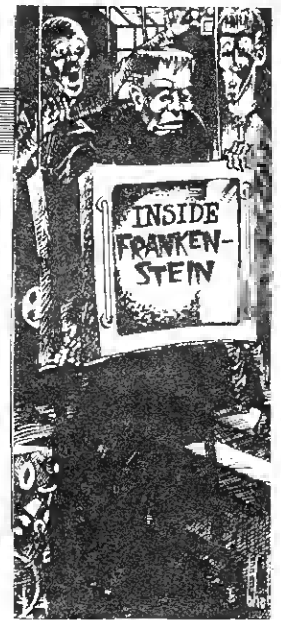


FRANKENSTEIN RADIOGUIDE

On Nov. 17, 1963, the NBC Radio Network presented two Ray Bradbury short stories on a program called "Experiment In Drama." More than 3000 monster-lovers, Bradbury buffs and radio drama fans responded with letters and postcards. As we go to press, most of these messages have been read, all praising the program; the network research department is analyzing the response.

The two stories were "There Will Come Soft Rains," a story considered by many to be Bradbury's best, which deals with the aftermath of atomic attack, and "Zera Haur," which concerns a Martian monster invasion. CaF's editors remember the original broadcast of this tape in 1950 on NBC's "Dimension X" and its later re-broadcast an "X-Minus One."

The network announced that good letter response could make "Experiment in Drama" into a regular series using both tapes from their library and new original shows. If you missed the program and would like to add your comments about the need for more radio drama of this type, address your comments to:



"Experiment in Drama"
NBC Radio
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, N. Y.

Norman Rose, sonar-voiced announcer-narrator of NBC Radio's "Experiment in Drama" special.

FLASH: As we really go to press, NBC has just broadcast (live!) "Experiment In Drama, Part Two."



THE HORROR FROM THE HILLS by Frank Belknap Long, Arkham House, 1963, 110 pages, \$3.00.

Originally serialized many years ago in *WEIRD TALES* magazine, this Arkham edition marks the first appearance in book form of Mr. Long's contribution to H. P. Lovecraft's Cthulhu mythos. As a book it is a nostalgic trip back to the heyday of fantasy fiction, so well does it conform to the blood-chilling standards popular in the pulp thrillers of the thirties and forties. The new generation of readers, unfamiliar with the genre created by magazines like *WEIRD TALES*, *STRANGE STORIES*, and *MAGIC CARPET*, may well find Mr. Long's style antiquated and extreme compared to the more subtle treatment of today (which we have dubbed "quiet horror").

Beyond the historical significance of the novel, there is little to recommend about *HORROR FROM THE HILLS*. It could have been enjoyed more as a serial. Perhaps some of its structural lack would have passed unnoticed with a reading spread out over several months; but complete in a slender volume and read in a single short sitting, the novel's flaws become glaringly obvious.

The first problem encountered is the uncomfortable disproportion of the book's structure. It is too short for a novel; too long for a short story. Themes which seemed interesting enough to be expanded into novel length remain dormant; while exposition, digressions away from the story line, and a protracted and not particularly exciting dream sequence are over-long, overwritten, and in the end, extremely tedious.

The plot revolves around an anthropological discovery—a great, stone deity from eons past—brought from a remote section of China to civilized New York. This idol, Chagnar Faugn, "... if nursed and carried safely beyond the rising sun, will possess the world." No sooner is it installed in the Manhattan Museum of Fine Arts than a series of singularly hideous crimes occur. The monster is unleashed in all its age-old fury upon the New York City area. It also appears that this ancient and bloodthirsty god is linked through the dimensions with its own species; such disturbing and equally bloody happenings commence in other parts of the world. What happens next? The archeology curator takes his problem to a mystical criminal investigator, a man of prodigious intellect who has retired from the rest of the world, apparently because few could relate to his great cerebral powers. This recluse just happens to have had a dream foreshadowing the coming of Chagnar Faugn. He also just happens to have a "Time-Space Machine" which is the only thing in the world that can destroy the ancient god. And before Mr. Long's horror really gets under way, it is destroyed along with all its dimensionally connected species.

The basic fault is that the reader is never introduced to the horror in a direct and subjective manner; nor, really, is the protagonist until the very end. The result is a lack of personal conflict with which the reader can identify. We are always outside the action.

In the final analysis, *HORROR FROM THE HILLS* remains a disappointing work. It does not reach the power and dread of some of the short stories collected in Long's *THE HOUNDS OF TINDALOS* (partly reprinted by Belmont pocket books). The book also contains many technical errors. It never reaches the levels of cosmic horror which H. P. Lovecraft innovated, though it certainly bears the mark of his influence in concept and design.

THE DUNWICH HORROR AND OTHERS by H. P. Lovecraft, Arkham House, 1963, 431 pages, \$5.00.

The publication of *THE DUNWICH HORROR* has been a long awaited event. Now it is available; a great, thick tome, containing a cross section of the best of H. P. Lovecraft. This volume should be devoured with an unholly relish by all lovers of terror literature. If you missed Lovecraft's *THE OUTSIDER AND OTHERS* (published by Arkham House in 1939, and fabulously rare), then *THE DUNWICH HORROR* is a must. This edition contains sixteen gems of outstanding horror and literary merit by one of the most gifted writers in the genre since Edgar Allan Poe.

THE DUNWICH HORROR opens with the Poe-like *IN THE VAULT*, and concludes with the famous science-fantasy nightmare *THE SHADOW OUT OF TIME*; in between are such classics as *THE RATS IN THE WALLS*, *THE HAUNTER OF THE DARK*, *THE CALL OF CTHULHU*, *THE WHISPERER IN DARKNESS*, *THE THING ON THE DOORSTEP*, and the memorable *OUTSIDER*. We are particularly pleased to find included *THE SHADOW OVER INNSMOUTH*. This is a Lovecraft masterpiece that has been too long out of print.

This volume also includes an appreciative essay about Lovecraft, his Cthulhu mythos, and his critics, written by August Derleth, who was responsible for the revival of interest in him.

* * *

THE SURLY SULLEN BELL by Russell Kirk, Fleet Publishing Corp., 1962, 240 pages, \$4.50. Illustrated.

This is a collection of ten ghostly tales combined with a short essay on the craft by Russell Kirk. "I venture to suggest," he writes, "that the more orthodox is a writer's theology, the more convincing, as symbols and allegories, his uncanny tales will be." After completing *THE SURLY SULLEN BELL*, one ventures to amend this suggestion to: "The more orthodox is a writer's theology, the more orthodox his uncanny tales will be." Of course, this cannot be accepted as a universal, but it does finger the major shortcoming in Mr. Kirk's writings. Admittedly, he is a traditionalist. Some of the stories (such as *EX TENEBRIS*, and *WHAT SHADOWS WE PURSUE*) are reminiscent of M. R. James in mood and atmosphere, but they are lacking in the subtlety and depth of character displayed in those works. Mr. Kirk, so fond of tradition, really does nothing to further the genre.

First of all, his concepts of good and evil are too simply defined. In this day and age, good and evil are often colored in multifarious hues, and the thin, amorphous line of demarcation is not so readily perceived. But Mr. Kirk rejects the factors motivating modern man; he repudiates the utilization of psychology in the tale of terror; he suggests (while criticizing science fiction, the detective novel, and television) that belief in the supernatural is a prerequisite for the writer of the ghostly tale.

The very foundations of these tales crumble, resting on such anachronistic notions. Because of his myopic view, Mr. Kirk cannot stand beside any of the modern weird craftsmen. Rather than place him next to Algernon Blackwood, Arthur Machen, Ambrose Bierce, or a host of others, one must relegate him far back into the past, beside Horace Walpole and other early precursors. But Walpole and Co. have the advantage of time and history over Kirk.

When he states, "... Freud's naive understanding of human nature must make way for older and greater insights. The philosophical and ideological currents of a period necessarily affecting its imaginative literature, the supernatural in fiction has been somewhat ridiculous much of this century," one wonders whether he has read Clark Ashton Smith, Lovecraft, Ray Bradbury, Henry James, or one of the greatest and most original talents writing today, Shirley Jackson? Russell Kirk's view of the genre is one-dimensional.

Unlike those in this writer's *OLD HOUSE OF FEAR* (see COF #2), the ghosts in *SURLY SULLEN BELL* are genuine enough, but they are primarily spirits set on revenge. One wishes Mr. Kirk had presented a more diversified gallery of haunts.

SORWORTH PLACE is the most Gothic piece in the collection, with its setting in a shadowy, seventeenth century Scots castle, a nomadic hero, and a lovely lass in appropriate terror. *BEHIND THE STUMPS*, and the title story both have macabre merit, and tend to linger disquietingly in the mind.

Mr. Kirk is at his best in retelling several true accounts in the section entitled *LOST LAKE*. Here are some weird and macabre episodes occurring in a remote section of Michigan. Mr. Kirk presents these grislies in a crisp, interesting style.

Traditionalism may be well and good when employed with deft hand and rich imagination; otherwise it can impede story development, limit originality, and circumscribe reader potential.

* * * *



FROM BANTAM BOOKS:

Within the past months Bantam Books has made several noteworthy Pocketbook contributions to the field of macabre literature. The first was **THE UNEXPECTED**. This is a reprint of the 194B hardcover anthology edited by Bennett Cerf. However, the paperback is only a selection of tales from the original edition. The stories themselves are oft-told tales; old favorites we have seen time and again. Here are repeats of Lord Dunsany's grisly *TWO BOTTLES OF RELISH*, Carl Jacobi's vampiric *REVELATIONS IN BLACK*, John Collier's whimsical *THE CHASER*, Ambrose Bierce's macabre *A HORSEMAN IN THE SKY*, and John Russell's exciting *THE PRICE OF THE HEAD*. Admittedly, this is a worthy collection of distinguished, high quality pieces, but only for those who are new to the field.

More interesting from the point of view of new material is Bantam's **WITCHES, WARLOCKS AND WEREWOLVES**, edited by *TWILIGHT ZONE*'s Rod Serling. One would have preferred more old and obscure pieces for this anthology. Instead, it contains the fine but often reprinted *MARK OF THE BEAST* by Rudyard Kipling, along with a minor mood piece by Nathaniel Hawthorne. The majority of the collection, however, reprints recent fiction from current magazines like *FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION* and *FANTASTIC*. You may enjoy a science fiction treatment of witchcraft in Joe L. Hensley's *AND NOT QUITE HUMAN*, or Charles Finney's well written lycanthropy tale, *THE BLACK RETRIEVER*. Fritz Lieber and Gordon R. Dickson contribute two interesting treatments of modern day sorcery. *THE STORY OF SIDI NONMAN*, another old one, concerns a man who discovers he has married a ghoul, but fails to sustain its opening promise of grisly horror. The book concludes with a tedious exposition of the early witch trials and the law.

But Bantam outdid themselves in their giant, handsomely packaged collection of **SEVEN MASTERPIECES OF GOTHIC HORROR**, edited by Robert Donald Spectar. This is a superla-

tive anthology of famous and lesser known tales from the ancient crypts of the Gothic school. Now, in one volume, you can obtain Horace Walpole's *THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO* (historically, considered to be the first Gothic novel), Clara Reeve's *THE OLD ENGLISH BARON*, M. G. Lewis' *MISTRUST*, Mary Shelley's *THE HEIR OF MONDOLFO*, Nathaniel Hawthorne's *THE WHITE OLD MAID*, Edgar Allan Poe's *THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER*, and Sheridon Le Fanu's haunting vampire novelette *CARMILLA*. All this—over 450 pages—for only 95¢. But, fine as this may sound, one word of warning: if you are not predisposed to the Gothic romance, this may not be your cup of tea. With the exception of the Le Fanu and Poe (which you have probably read), the other tales all are subject to the shortcomings of their time. *CASTLE OF OTRANTO* is interesting only for its historical value, and is archaic next to today's sophisticated style. Mary Shelley's *HEIR OF MONDOLFO* is slight; a pale shadow next to her *FRANKENSTEIN*. Lewis' *MISTRUST* can never measure up to the power, horror, and shock value of his masterpiece, *THE MONK*. But this collection is a must, if you are a dedicated aficionado of the Gothic romance.

All three Bantam editions are reasonably priced, and presented in extremely satisfying packages, with appropriate cover art.

* * * *

REVIEWS IN BRIEF:

SYLVA by Vercors, Crest Book, 1963, \$.50, 175 pages.

The lady-into-fox motif is reversed in Vercor's entertaining novel *SYLVA*. This time it is the fox who turns into a young, beautiful, but still animal woman. The novel is sensuous and fun, with the addition of a rather sordid subplot. The climax, however, is light and trivial. Because the novel builds up to a shaggy dog ending, leaving a great deal unresolved, many readers will find it dissatisfying and inconsequential. It is vastly lacking in the thought-provoking, meaty theme of his earlier work, *YOU SHALL KNOW THEM*.

* * * *

TERROR BY NIGHT by Bernhardt J. Hurwood, Lancer Books, 1963, \$.50 124 pages.

Here is another gallery of witches, vampires, and werewolves, only this time they are presented from a more serious, scholastic standpoint. *TERROR BY NIGHT* is a non-fiction study of curious phenomena. Small and superficial, and hardly passing as erudite, this study (packed with lurid detail) offers slight insight into the history and superstition shaping the background of the nocturnal brethren. This is certainly not for the well read in the subject, but might be of some service to the newcomer who would like to sample an introductory course.

* * * *

THE WITCH-CULT IN WESTERN EUROPE by Margaret Alice Murray, Oxford Paperback, 1963, \$1.50, 303 pages.

After *TERROR BY NIGHT*, it is simply delightful to see a reprint of Margaret A. Murray's great work, *THE WITCH-CULT IN WESTERN EUROPE*. It is even more pleasing that this very rare study (once priced as high as twenty dollars) has been made available in a paperback from Oxford University Press. Such reprints are the joys and treasures of this field! Though written over forty years ago, it can still stand as lively and stimulating reading today. *WITCH-CULT* is an anthropological approach to the study of witchcraft, and Miss Murray turns up some fascinating facts from which she draws interesting theories. You may dispute her hypothesis that early pre-Christian ritual formed the basis of witchcraft, but you are guaranteed (if you have the basic interest) to find this presentation exciting and highly unusual reading material. Detailed accounts, too, of rites, the sabbath, familiars, and transformations—all for only \$1.50.

Until the next issue . . . ERIK

* * * *



GHOSTAL MAIL



Because we're way behind, this little space will have to suffice as combination Ghostal Mail opener, Editorial and clearing house for assorted odds and ends. And now with the end of numerous bottle-necks and problems out of the way, this is an opportune moment to announce this as the lost "delayed" issue of CoF. We are going bimonthly starting with the next issue, which will be out in 12 weeks or less from now. And it's YOU, the readers — the fantasy-horror fans of the country — who've made it possible! You seem to have understood the fact that CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN is put together by people having the profoundest understanding, sympathy and love for the field . . . and we intend to keep earning your loyalty and support.

Regarding one or two queries as to (a) whether or not we make mistakes; (b) if we are afraid of naming so-called "rival" mags; (c) are we going to run a 10- or 15- or 25-part biography of our lives and times (with hundreds of pictures from infancy to senility). The answers are: (A) we have made fewer mistakes than any magazine in this very difficult business; and errors made were usually quite unimportant (except to a certain preposterously silly fault-finder). (B) the only fear we have is the time when there won't be any rival mags; competition is part of the American way of life and what's made this country strong — those who can't stand it don't belong here, though perhaps at the South or North Pole, on Mars, or somewhere else. (C) a long or even short biographical sketch of us belongs somewhere else, NOT in a publication of this sort. We aren't stage, screen, radio or TV celebrities. When you buy CoF, you, as a reader, want to see photos of and read about, say, Karloff, Price or Cushing. (Kane, Morgan, Stewart, Beale or anyone else on the staff just isn't quite in that league.)

Abbreviated though it may be, our Fanzine Section this month must mention at least one publication worthy of serious attention:

FANTASY NEWS. Published by William S. Sykora, 31-51 41st Street, Long Island City, New York, 10003. Twelve issues for \$1.00 Published weekly.

FANTASY NEWS is the only consistently lively and RESPONSIBLE news publication issued weekly for the fantasy fan. It has news of vital interest pertaining to all possible aspects of the genre: news of books, magazines, fan clubs, convention activities, films and TV. A markedly interesting, live-wire newsheet.

* * * * *

FAMILY OF FANS

Dear Editor:

Having never written to any magazine in my entire life, I sincerely hope you will overlook any errors I may make at this time. I am a 36-year-old housewife and mother of three sons who, like their mother, are "kookie" over true horror and terror films. I have been mad for Boris Karloff since I was five-and-one-half years old. My grandmother took me to see *Frankenstein* at that time. I sat through it — 3 times! Can't express my appreciation at several of our local TV channels, which have shown all of Karloff's and Lugosi's early 1930's horror films. I have been thoroughly disgusted with other manster magazines that shout the praises of some terribly trashy films that they had the nerve to say would shock the audiences out of their senses! Give me your style of writing and also your wonderful still shots of the old classics. Also, your wonderful magazine sells for less than others which aren't anywhere as good. I am not saying this to flatter your staff; I am just stating the opinions of 4 very avid admirers of Boris Karloff, and we have seen his portrayal of Frankenstein's monster as many times as possible. I feel I must hold some sort of a record, as I have seen *Frankenstein* and *Bride of Frankenstein* over 90 times each, since I was five-and-one-half years old! In all other respects, I am considered an average normal housewife and mother. Please do keep up the excellent work.

Most gratefully,

Mrs. Earl J. Brendlinger and 3 sons:
Dick (18), Buddie (10), Timmie (6),

7537 Hoskell Ave., Van Nuys, Calif.
* * * To see any film — let alone our favorites — 90 times is a great feat (as the Amazing Colossal Clod must've said looking down at his tootsies).

* * * * *

FILM HORROR CLUB

Dear Editor:

My brother and I wish to announce we are now forming a club devoted entirely to the serious study of earlier horror classics. There is no membership fee, and we would like to exchange ideas with other omoteur movie-makers and make-up fans. Send mail to:

John and Paul Skillin, 186 Fernwood Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J.

* * * * *

A NEW FANMAG

Dear Editor:

Would greatly appreciate your printing the following announcement in your widely circulated mag:

Coming soon: something completely different in the way of fanzines. PHOTON is a magazine featuring articles on horror, science-fiction and fantasy films. Plus detachable stills from movies. Send 50¢ for a copy.

Mark Frank, 801 Ave. C, Brooklyn, New York — 11218.

* * * * *

Dear Editor:

Like Mr. Nivlac, I too think that your magazine has a certain mysterious quality about it. I don't know what it is, but without that certain something, your magazine would be poorly lacking. So far I think your biggest weakness is lack of balance between your articles. For example: Issue No. 1 had the fine article on Karloff, but it also had the bit of nothing on the 3 Stooges; then there were the 5 pages of space-wasting jokes. Most of the other articles weren't great, but neither were they very bad. Issue No. 2 had the nice article on the Frankenstein films and the okay "Day the Men Flew," (which, incidentally, didn't say too much); but No. 2 also had the all-too-short review of *The Phantom of the Opera* and the 6-page Vampire cartoon (let's keep this stuff in comic books where it belongs). The cover story on Chris Lee said too little.

Issue No. 3 had the fine article on Karloff, but "Monster Crushers" mentioned only 7 movies, talked about only 3 of them and did it in 11 sentences. I got the idea that whoever wrote the article wasn't fully informed on the topic. The "Movieguide" was a welcome addition. I don't mean to imply that all your articles should be 10 pages long (that would be simply boring), but some could stand a little more length tacked on.

. . . . Please do not mistake this for a crank letter. I do hope you print it however, not because I think you're afraid to, but because Ghostal Mail so far, except for some minute instances, has had letters that have been favorable. There are always two sides to everything and so far you have printed only the best side. I do, however, really like your magazine and I think it has great potential, if you stay in the boundaries of good sportsmanship and competition.

Tom Lowe, Cary, Illinois
* * * There was a lot more to Tom's letter that had to be cut due to lack of space and since we think the topic of "good sportsmanship and competition" is well summarized for the time being in the editorial heading Ghostal Mail. But the problem of having either shorter or longer articles covering certain subjects is virtually eternal. According to some,

we would require an issue numbering 100 pages of text alone, with 300 more for pictures. Not a bad idea, you say? Fine. But who'd be able to pay \$2 or \$3 per copy? The work alone would mean that we'd only come out about once a year instead of bimonthly as we will from next issue on.

THE RETURN OF BRZEZINSKI

PART II

Enclosed are some stills from one of my 15 amateur horror productions. These are from HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN, one of many 8mm. films of varying length we have done for our enjoyment over the last five years. After seeing Don Glut in your last issue, I wanted your magazine to know of my work in hopes it might also be given some form of recognition. The monster is played by Kenneth Carrol, and I put him into the makeup, a tedious process of five hours, six different times, with various minor variations. You may see him on FUNNY FUNNY FILMS, in makeup, if and when we appear on Fenneman's ABC show. Thank you.

Anthony Brzezinski,
8274 San Vicente,
Riverside, Calif.

*** * * Neat shots you got there, Tony. Besides the one on Page 6S, we'll try and squeeze the rest in the next issue. And . . . you others out there with interesting shots or involved in makeup and amateur moviemaking: let's hear from all of you.**

CoF MEETS THE COUSIN OF CHANEY!

Dear Editor:

The only reason why I bought CoF #3 was the story on both Lon Chaney, Sr. (my late 2nd cousin) and Jr., who happens to be my 3rd cousin. What prompted me to sit down and write this letter is this certain paragraph about Choney, Sr. who supposedly grew up in a "strange, tragic home in Colorado Springs — his parents were deaf-mutes — and that he became bread winner at early age . . ." Where did you get this baloney? I've read your story over and over again. It just gets me furious that not one writer or reporter ever really gets the true facts about his family background and how his home life really was.

His grandfather (who is also my great-grandfather) was a founder of a school for the deaf children of Colorado Springs. His aunt (also my grandmother) was the first teacher there. His mother was my great aunt and sister of my grandfather. Lon, Sr. never had to help his parents out as his father had an excellent job capable of raising his family without any hardship. My mother and Lon, Sr. were cousins and also very devoted playmates who grew up together and also used to put on shows for the kids. He used to tell my mother that someday he'll grow up and become one of the greatest actors. He ran away from home to go into barnstorming or plays — whatever they could offer him in the way of stage life and activities.

If you don't believe any of this, just write to Colorado Springs School For the Deaf. They'll tell you that Lon Chaney, Sr. was grandson of the founder. When my son (now in the Army) came to Colorado Springs in February, 1962, he visited the school and was greatly honored as great-great grandson of Mr. Kennedy, the founder. It was in all of the local papers and Lon Chaney's name was mentioned.

As for Lon Chaney, Sr. who went broke before he became famous. Let's get this

fact straight — sure he was broke; but don't think he didn't write home for money now and then to keep himself from starving. His "poor, strange, tragic parents" were able to help him out when he wanted them to. Let's have true facts for a change.

Zelda Rueff, No. Hollywood, Calif.

*** * * Only too happy to hear your side of the story and get more info on the Great Chaney. "Poor, strange, tragic parents," by the way, never was in the article — please! But, all in all, the author is also entitled to interpret what facts he picks up as he sees them, despite how he can be criticised for it. There cannot be many in the world who would dispute the fact that, even though not terribly outre, Chaney Sr.'s childhood environment was quite unusual.**

DULANEY ON CHANEY

Dear Editor:

I've lived in Oklahoma ever since I drew my first breath of air. But not until I read the story in CoF #3, entitled "San of Chaney," did I know that Chaney Jr. was born near Belle Isle Lake. Today Belle Isle Lake is within city limits, and I am a quarter-of-a-mile from it. It's things like the preceding paragraph which are prevalent in CoF and numerous; this is impossible to say about other "monster" mags on the market. For a sincere and effective attempt to raise the standards in general, to enlighten more people about movies, and to expose the junk films of today, and for bringing out a good, serious, critical, informative, entertaining and clean magazine, you and your staff have created a magazine to be proud of!

Please define science-fiction for me. A rather primitive request, I know, but I've heard it applied to so many movies that were more of the dinosaur or horror or mystery type than what I have always thought SF to be. Like others, you will probably be forced to raise the price or insert more ads in CoF. If it was up to me to decide which, I'd say RAISE the price, but don't waste on ads.

John Dulaney, 1726 N.W. 63,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

*** * * Sarry we had to cut out a couple more sentences of the roses and superlatives you were tossing our way, John, even though you've broken some sort of record, to say the least! Defining SCIENCE-FICTION isn't hard; it's only dogmatians and the little hierarchy that's sprouted inside the SF field that's made it seem "special," above and beyond call of duty. SF is simply that offshoot of IMAGINATIVE (call it fantasy) literature which deals with matters and things that may be tangents and deviations (though not necessarily "impossibilities") from the set, routine and planned accepted scheme of things. To enlarge on this would require a good size article to do it full justice. Using several films to illustrate our point: SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME and DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL can be considered perfect examples of SF. So can FRANKENSTEIN or DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE (though the unlearned and uncreative would differ). One deals with science's eternal struggle for the preservation and extension of life in many ways. The other is fraught with more tremendous implications concerning the "mysteries" of good-and-evil in man's mind than can be found in a good deal of modern psychiatry. More will be said on this subject another time.**

FROM OVERSEAS

Dear Editor:

Today I saw on my local newstand a copy of your CoF magazine and bought it. After reading it from cover to cover, my opinion is that it is the most fabulous magazine I have ever seen. The article on Lee in #2 is particularly interesting to me, since Chris is our greatest exponent of horror and terror. Most recently we, in the Robin Hood county, saw him in an Italian import called Hercules in the Centre of the Earth, with Reg Pork, in which he played (what else?) a vampire. I believe this movie has been re-titled in other countries as **Vampires vs. Hercules**. How I've longed to see photos about costumed super-heroes. My dream has been fulfilled with your article, "The Day the Men Flew!" Your section, "The Fantastic Screen" [known now as Movie Noosereel — Ed.] is a most comprehensive survey and I hope many of the films mentioned are released here. Saw **Nefertite** (called "Queen of the Nile" here) with Vincent Price, and he was great in Supercinescope and Eastmoncolor! Have seen all his movies to date. I don't suppose you will be interested in such a "faraway" fan, but I hope you have found time to read this letter. Even if I never see your mag again, I shall always treasure this copy of #2 Castle of Frankenstein.

Ted Hammond, 4 Brookfield Cottages, Brookfield Road, Arnold, Nottingham, England

Dear Editor:

I would like to thank you for a magazine which treats "horror" films seriously. Of the many periodicals dealing with these films, CoF gives more information and sensible assessments than any other I have read. It is a change to see a magazine of this type that does not rely on 90% poor humour in order to sell itself.

Philip Polter, 70 Gloucester Road, Westminster, London S.W. 1, England

COLLECTOR'S REQUEST

Dear Editor:

Will pay good, cold cash (or will even swap with stuff from my collection) for original fantasy-s.f.-horror movie stills prior to 1953. Prefer very early stills from the 20's thru early 40's. Don't bother with poor reproductions-of-reproductions (unless repro's are exceptionally good); I want mostly originals. Am interested in pre-Code horror comics, superhero stuff from the early days, and EC's before '56 (no dealers, please!). Also want movie horror-fantasy film pressbooks. I've hundreds of fine stills and some pressbooks I can swap if necessary, in lieu of cash, if barter is preferred.

Mordecai De Morgan, Box 183, Ridgefield, New Jersey

*** * * That's the way the mummy crumbles for the time being, fellow fiends and Frankensteinophiles. Meanwhile, keep sending those letters & things to: GHOSTAL MAIL, Box 43, Hudson Hts., North Bergen, New Jersey.**



FRANKY'S FRIENDS (. . . and some FIENDS)

Gurgling at us all, blood on mouth, madder, wilder than ever is the one and only Count Victor Wiscovitch of Los Angeles, in the upper left-hand corner. Right on top, dominating this page, is a scene from CoF's BLACK ZOO party for Herman "Konga" Cohen (the fearful-looking tiger in the background is for real; the fearful frights in front are not). Down at the lower left is the inimitable Brzezinski's way of exhibiting another Frankenstein monster, all ready to wreak havoc. Underneath is Bob Shank, horror fan extraordinary, who proves his love for our kind of stuff in more ways than one.

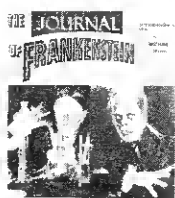




Oh! Trouble with you who are as you haven't sense enough to stay away from mad crowds as they rush to buy a new issue of CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN!

JOURNAL OF FRANKENSTEIN

YOU can become one of The Fang Gang by getting a copy of this rare (Collector's) issue. Do you want to go on missing great features like SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD, or THE RETURN OF THE SON OF THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, the special ZACHERLEY profile, and the First Part of THE BORIS KARLOFF BIOGRAPHY? You bet you DON'T!



JOF



#1



#2



#3

Back Issues of CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN:
 No. 1: Part II of the Korloff Story; The Mummy; Time Machine; Horror Film Covelcode, and lots more. — No. 2: Chris Lee photo-story; Coligari; Frankenstein's Early Years; Phantom of Opera, etc. — No. 3: Part III (final part), The Korloff Story; Part I, Son of Choney; Roven; Orloc; Birth of Frankenstein, etc. — Each number, \$1.00 per copy.

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